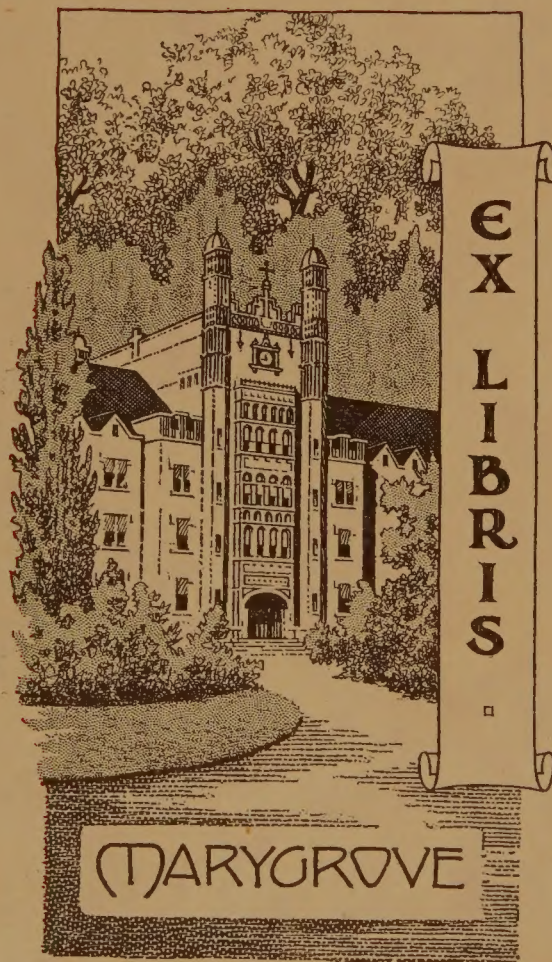




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F O R E W O R D

THE reporter of today is writing what will be history tomorrow. He may write it well or he may write it poorly. Every now and then he does it so well that it seems little short of criminal to bury what he has written in the files of that newspaper for which he has written. The very excellence of what he has done demands permanence other than the clip-file or the scrap-book. It is so with these stories by James O'Donnell Bennett, a staff reporter of The Chicago Tribune writing of the Twenty-Eighth Eucharistic Congress. Each one of them is a splendid piece of reporting; yet each one of them has something in it which lifts it out of the narrower field of journalism and into the wider one of literature.

Written against time, and written, for the most part, amidst the noise and confusion characteristic of the news-room of a great daily, these stories are beautifully done. They constitute a worthy contribution by a great newspaper to the history of what will long remain the greatest religious spectacle witnessed by the western world. The color, the pageantry, the elaborate formality of the Eucharistic Congress will be found in these stories. And yet, in them, too, Bennett has succeeded in capturing something of the high spiritual significance of that event.

The Tribune is proud of these stories written by one of the foremost reporters of America. And The Tribune reprints them here in answer to the request of many of its readers who wish to preserve them in this more lasting form.

The Eucharistic Congress

as Reported in

The Chicago Tribune

THE WORLD'S GREATEST NEWSPAPER

*WHATEVER makes men good Christians,
makes them good citizens.*

DANIEL WEBSTER

(Plymouth Oration, December 22, 1820)

Published by The Public Service Office of The Chicago Tribune, 1926

W E L C O M E

ROMAN Catholics from all corners of the world are assembled in Chicago for the Eucharistic Congress, the first gathering of the kind ever held in this country. Chicago was chosen for the congress partly because the city is centrally located and can accommodate a vast throng of visitors, but even more because the city is typically American. The tribute to the city is one which Chicagoans have not been slow to appreciate.

The congress will be marked by superb pageantry couched in symbols which were old when Father Marquette first set foot on the site of Chicago. Americans travel to Europe by thousands every year in the hope of catching a glimpse of such splendors. Now it has all been brought to our doors. To the non-Catholic the congress offers an unusual opportunity to observe the blending of faith with esthetic appeal to which many of the world's greatest scholars, mystics, and artists have contributed through the centuries. Chicago, the youngest of the world's cities, should profit from this contact with the venerable institution which gave birth to universities and cathedrals and has fostered all of the arts and sciences since the dawn of our era. Our community is only a hundred years old. We shall be the richer for this glimpse into one of the principal sources of our civilization.

To the Catholic the congress is a great demonstration of faith, of which the pageantry is but the outward expression. By hundreds of thousands the members of the church are gathering here for contemplation and prayer. Chicago welcomes them all, knowing that the city will be enriched spiritually by their presence.

*An editorial in The Chicago Tribune
Wednesday, June 16, 1926*



Chicago greets The Cardinals! Hundreds of thousands of men, women and children line Michigan avenue from Roosevelt road to Superior street, see the papal legate and the other cardinals arrive from New York. View from front of Art Institute.

Churchmen Pave Way for Eucharistic Hosts

By

James O'Donnell Bennett

ENDLESS and most amazingly contrastful details of preparation go forward at Mundelein whither 750,000 men, women and children will make pilgrimage twelve days hence!

Arrival from Spain of liturgical vestments centuries old; conferences between stately, quiet-speaking monsignors and snappy, typical go-getters from the traffic departments of transcontinental railroads and from urban and suburban lines; revision and re-revision of estimates of the number of Eucharistic pilgrims to be expected on the twenty-fourth from Milwaukee, that estimate shading yesterday around 85,000; fresh reports on the number of interpreters—and the number of languages they speak—that the Catholic Order of Foresters will provide, to-wit, 400, and many more from other sources; final and extremely decisive adjudication on food prices that venders will be permitted to charge on the great day; re-drawing of the boundary lines of the sixteen square mile zone of "protected" traffic area and of the forty-five square mile zone of "regulated" traffic area; further quiet talks between clergy and police officials on the handling of certain gentry whom the clergy call "offenders" and the police officials call "pickpockets," who may also be making pilgrimage to Mundelein on June 24.

AGE OLD HISTORY UNFOLDED

And so on—and on—and on—the reverent unfolding of those superb and ancient vestments from European monasteries that were hoary with age when Chicago was unmapped wilderness and, within the same quarter hour of their arrival, those thor-



oughly business-like interviews between the serene scholars and administrators and priests of the sylvan Mundelein foundation and the lean visaged go-getters from the city.

Together they cipher out the minutest details of the colossal influx of humanity that will sweep into Mundelein on the climax day of the second Eucharistic congress to be held in the western world and the first in this republic. They know, for an illustration, that on June 24 at Mundelein there will be a shade more than 10 square feet of living space for each pilgrim. They calculated their area—eight million square feet—and they estimated their total of visitors—750,000—and, with that calculation to go on, many other calculations on traffic movements and rest tents and emergency hospitals and zoning became relatively simple.

Amid conferences comes the reception of a delegation of clergy and laity from Czecho-Slovakia and the extension of luncheon hospitality to them. Being Friday, it is a fish luncheon. The fish sauce—a perfect Hollandaise—which the Sisters bring in from the vast white enamel kitchens of the refectory, is another triumph of detail.

There is no clamor. There is no fluster. If you had three-quarters of a million visitors coming to spend the day on your thousand acre estate you might be flustered.

But not these hosts. Every man is quietly at his detail of preparation and knowing how to do it. Every woman, too.

The go-getters from the city pay the priests that tribute. The cardinal himself, with a hundred large affairs on his mind, displays, say the go-getters, this same capacity, at once spacious and meticulous, for detail. To the traffic experts he gave valuable hints on elimination of peril at grade crossings.

In short, from the cardinal prince in his study to the beaming sisters bending over the huge ranges, nineteen centuries of management is telling its story. The successors of persons who directed the destinies of empires do not grow flustered over a festival.

Reposefully they give me more detail for this little article—how the 828 railroad cars, which the North Shore Line will borrow from the Chicago Rapid Transit Company to help it in handling its share of the Mundelein traffic on the 24th, would, if coupled together, make a train fifteen miles long, and how those cars will run, in proper train lengths, from 4 o'clock on the morning of the 24th until far into the night of that day, and how they will leave the Chicago loop every two minutes during the morning hours, and how 94 state highway police on motorcycles, and 2,000 Knights of Columbus will patrol, for a radius of five miles from Mundelein the nine highways leading into Mundelein from the south, west and north, and how there will be 622 Chicago police in the seminary grounds, and how "offenders" will be put on bread and water in the Lake county jails and denied writs until the ceremonies are over and the pilgrims all gone.

They know the auto capacity of the nine highways—1,000 autos per hour—and, when you hint of the frightful congestion the rush of the 24th may create, they reply pithily, "Yes, but density makes for safety," and they preach me a brief homily on that text.

All that so intensely practical! And it makes me marvel. But what charms and

ingratiates is the pure scholar's glow, with which they turn from practicalities to serenities. Amid preparations that would distract most of us they take time to pause with me before the spacious canvases of Paul Veronese that magnificently command the landings of long stairways. They let me fondle and they gently turned with me

the pages of that tremendous forty volume edition of the writing of Cardinal Newman that now is so difficult to obtain, and they showed me Benjamin West's Gloria in Excelsis that hangs to the right of the altar in their exquisite chapel of St. Mary, a picture to see which is worth the trip to Mundelein — and then they went their

courtly ways to a multitude more of preparations.

There is a bit of prophecy in my day with the clergy at Mundelein. Directed by such as they, and their army of laity, the 24th will be no day of hugger-mugger, enormous as the influx will be it will be noble and in order.

From The Chicago Tribune of Tuesday, June 15, 1926

Holy Name Transformed for Eucharistic Congress

By

James O'Donnell Bennett

WORSHIPPERS in the Cathedral of the Holy Name will see little of that structure's actual walls during the five days and nights of the Eucharistic ceremonies.

Under the hands of scores of artists and workmen the church is being transformed into a jewel casket glowing and glittering with the white and gold of papal banners, with cardinal red appliqued with gold, with the episcopal purple, with ermine, and with enormous silvered garlands of grape leaves and clusters of grapes depending from the roof of the nave.

DIMS ALL PRIOR MEMORIES

In the two and fifty years of its memorable annals, the archiepiscopal church of the diocese has been the setting of many a stately pageant and ceremonial, but the picture now shaping for the morning of next Sunday will dim the memory of all that have gone before.

The present grays and browns of the interior will be almost hidden by far-flung draperies, swaying banners, golden sunbursts, and jeweled triple crowns interlaced with network of silver.

From the basic color of the scheme of decoration will leap the exultant hues of



cardinal, silver and gold. Purple will, in a manner of speaking, carpet the sanctuary, which has been extended far beyond its original limits and now takes in the whole length and breadth of the mighty transept, which always has been the best proportioned part of the cathedral.

THRONES FOR TWELVE CARDINALS

In this extended sanctuary the archbishops and bishops will occupy on Sunday closely arranged seats covered with purple; nearer the altar and within the space of the original sanctuary will rise the red canopied thrones of the twelve cardinals representing eight kingdoms and republics.

Moving up the center aisle of the nave the beholder will pass beneath and between ten banners swung out over the body of the church. They are the white and yellow banners of the four evangelists, and the crimson banner of the Lamb emblazoned with the letters I. H. S. (Iesus Hominum

Salvator). The golden spearhead of each banner staff carries streamers of the papal colors of white and yellow.

VAST GARLANDS ARE STRUNG

Between banners, between pillars, above arches and from finials hang the enormous garlands—thick as a man's leg and each many yards long—of the gilded and silvered grape leaves and clusters of grapes interspersed with sheaves of wheat. These represent the two elements of the Eucharistic sacrifice and their effect is to bind together the whole scheme of adornment in a very simple but very opulent way.

From pillars at the four corners of the extended part of the sanctuary, eight large banners of gold and white and of cardinal will project.

Upon this prodigious massing of colors and of sheen a rush of 20,000 watts of floodlight will be released, of which 10,000 will be concentrated on the white marble altar and 5,000 on each of the side altars. This lighting is supplemented by the softer glow of 49 newly installed bronze permanent chandeliers of 32 lamps each; each chandelier is of Gothic design and each carries at its base the red cardinal's tassel.

There remains the keynote of the splendors and sanctities.

It is the golden monstrance which will rest upon the pinnacle of the altar throughout the congress. Within it the host will be—as the clergy phrase it—"on solemn exposition" day and night. The background of the monstrance will be a golden sunburst 7 feet in diameter, and its glow will command the gaze of the worshipper

immediately he enters the cathedral.

Fifty feet above it will hang a colossal triple crown of gold and silver tipped with a golden cross, and from this crown will depend parted "cyclorama curtains" of cardinal red on their outside and ermine on the inside. Thus the white marble altar will be more or less tented, so to speak, by these cyclorama curtains. Picture the altar so environed, and glowing with wax candles, and banked with flowers and foliage,

and you have the supreme note in a scene of unearthly beauty and splendor.

FLAGS OF ALL NATIONS

The north and south walls of the transept will be covered with papal shields and the transept doors and arches will be hung with cardinal velvet studded with shields carrying the flags of all nations. The choir loft will be hung from right to left with Cardinal Mundelein's banner, the pope's banner and the legate's banner.

Nor is adornment confined to the interior.

Over the great rose window, high above the main entrance of the cathedral, will hang the papal arms studded with American flags, and this effect will be festooned with garlands of huckleberry plants sent from Seattle, Washington.

The congregation on Sunday morning will comprise 2,000 prelates, clergy, and press men. No others.

From The Chicago Tribune of Thursday, June 17, 1926

THE purpose of the Ecclesiastical Artists Guild is to bring back into ecclesiastical usage the better art that played so big a part in building the golden age of Christianity above the ruins of the dark ages.

As the early fathers of the church were aided by the early Christian artist in the task of lifting Europe out of the dark ages, so the Catholic Artists Guild has dedicated itself to the task of bringing art again effectively, joyously, and in proper keeping, to the service of the church.

THOMAS A. O'SHAUGHNESSY.

(Chicago delegate to the International Exposition of Art, Paris, 1925.)

World's Fair of Church Display is Called

By

James O'Donnell Bennett

THE story of the Municipal pier's part in the Eucharistic festival is the story of a march down the ages with the Catholic church from its primitive painters who flourished before Donatello to its social service workers who are here from regions as remote as the Belgian Congo and the Philippines.

Here in a survey that is at once compact



and various are those things that in times long gone adorned the church and ennobled its services; here, too, those things of the same nature which the new and ardent men of the present are designing and artificing and painting.

ECCLESIASTICAL WORLD'S FAIR

Here is, in three words, an ecclesiastical world's fair, instructive, splendid, and stimulating. If you are, as is the writer of these lines, a non-Catholic, you will like and you will respect the grand spirit of tolerance which animates the display. "Art has no frontiers" is a goodly teaching, perhaps more honored in word than deed. But in this ecclesiastical world's fair it lives.

Here art has no denomination. Alfred Granger's designs for a new Protestant Episcopal cathedral that some day will

adorn our shore line occupy a place of equal honor with the works of men like O'Shaughnessy who are toiling as Catholics in the cause of a renaissance of Catholic art. And Alfred Granger, himself a non-Catholic, was one of the busiest men helping yesterday on the pier to bring order out of the chaos of splendors pouring in from shrine cities of old Europe and from studios and workshops of this new land.

UPLIFT MIXED WITH SPLENDOR

Nor is the exposition one of splendors solely. Here you may study the educational and social work of the Sisters of the Blessed Sacrament for Indians and colored people whose seat is in Conwell in Pennsylvania, and the work of the Belgian missionary canonesses of St. Augustin, whose mother house is in Louvain and whose missions dot the map from the British West Indies to British India.

Charming women to visit with, these canonesses, with their musical accent and their demeanor which touches to life the demeanor and the days of vanished courts. And they toilers and teachers amid savages!

Some things in the hundreds of yards of booths on each side of the exhibition hall hung with the colors of the papal see and of this republic will fairly leap to your eye. Notably, I believe, Peter Van Veen's series of studies in oil of twelve French cathedrals, a series which occupied that architect and painter for three years and



Interior of the Cathedral of the Holy Name during the first Solemn Pontifical High Mass Sunday, June 20th, at which John Cardinal Bonzano was enthroned as papal legate.

which was a veritable sensation when exhibited in New York City.

The quality of these pictures, subtle, ingratiating, yet decisive and clear as a bell, brings from the beholder coming suddenly upon them a cry of delight. Fresh as is their spirit, they have a peculiar archaic value.

Cautiously but with buoyancy, Mr. Van Veen has restored in his studies of Amiens and Rouen, and so following the colors the edifices bore when they were new. The result is truly entrancing. As a Chicagoan you will be especially interested in Peter Van Veen's study of Rouer's Tour de Beurre because it was the inspiration of The Tribune Tower.

Mr. Granger and others commended to

my prayerful study the exhibit of designs by Messrs. Maginnis and Walsh, Boston architects, who, said some of the guides, are "doing the most notable Catholic work that is being done in America today."

A WORK TO STIR SOULS

The "Cristo e Passato" of Mario Barberis—dated Rome, 1922—will hold your eye and stir your soul. In six seconds critics pointed out half as many emphatic faults in the picture—one of them, the treatment of the shadows, a glaring fault—but the devotional spell of the theme defies the faults of execution. The awe and wonder of the kneeling figures, the audacious eloquence of the empty stairway, flung at me a note of genius that no amateurishness of detail could blur. I tried to

find out whether Barberis is a young man, but nobody knew.*

Works by Chicago artists represented in this exhibition will have a good deal to say to you.

The rich solidity, for example, of Frederick Poole's Byzantine Madonna; and the unaffected daring of Wellington Reynold's "Mary at the Tomb," and the joyousness of Edward Timmons' "Capistrano," and—and this is important—the skill and the deep feeling with which Mississippi valley artists and craftsmen are revivifying and redeveloping the manner of the Della Robbias who four centuries ago touched terra cotta and made it poetry.

*Later I learned that Signor Barberis is a young man

From The Chicago Tribune of Friday, June 18, 1926

Bonzano and Prelates Here for Congress

By

James O'Donnell Bennett

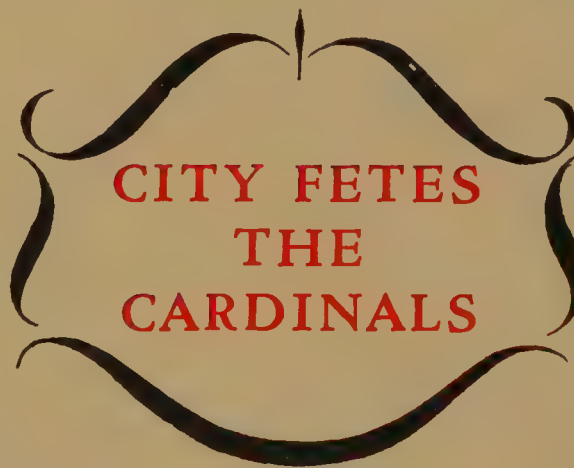
FROM the four corners of the
earth they come,
To kiss this shrine.

SHAKESPEARE.

("The Merchant of Venice"; Act II, Scene VII.)

CHICAGO, irrespective of creeds, yesterday gave a courteous and enthusiastic welcome to nine men of princely rank in the world-wide hierarchy of the Catholic church.

Last evening crowned with a soft, clear, cool June twilight a day of pageantry and ceremonial which had begun with overcast skies and threats of rain. The auspicious change in the weather brought out thousands of visitors and sightseers, and the boulevards were thronged with people. Bright lights and the flutter from balconies and steeples of banners and garlands gave to the casual promenading of



the multitude no insignificant touch of pageantry.

FOUR KINGDOMS; FOUR REPUBLICS

Our cardinal guests represent four ancient kingdoms, and, as time is measured in the venerable chronology of the Catholic church, four youthful republics, and they are here assembled for the solemn rites and the thankful festivities of the twenty-eighth Eucharistic congress of their church.

They arrived in the city an hour before noon and their progress from the railroad

station in Park row to the Cathedral of the Holy Name, at North State and Superior streets, a distance of three miles, was cheered by not fewer than 120,000 onlookers, and perhaps as many as 150,000.

BLESSINGS GRACE THE EVENT

That slow and decorous progress lasted an hour and twenty-two minutes, and was graced by the incessant bestowal of benediction by the cardinal princes.

They were:

Cardinal John Bonzano, papal legate, with whom rode Cardinal George Mundelein, archbishop of Chicago.

Cardinal Patrick O'Donnell, primate of all Ireland.

Cardinal Patrick Hayes, archbishop of New York.

Cardinal Allessius Charost, archbishop of Rennes, France.

Cardinal Henry Casanova, archbishop of Toledo, Spain.

Cardinal Louis Dubois, archbishop of Paris.

Cardinal Michael Faulhaber, archbishop of Munich.

Cardinal Frederick Piff, archbishop of Vienna.



Chicago's historic Coliseum was the scene of another memorable gathering on Friday evening, June 18th, when the city of Chicago gave official greeting to the hierarchy of the Catholic church.

Cardinal John Czernoch, primate of Hungary and archbishop of Strigonia.

Cardinal Dougherty, archbishop of Philadelphia, the tenth visiting cardinal, will arrive tomorrow, and Cardinal O'Connell of Boston, the eleventh, will be here early next Sunday.

BONZANO CENTER OF OVATION

The greeting of the throngs lining the route of the progress up Michigan boulevard was, of course, mostly directed toward chestnut haired Cardinal Bonzano, "representing," as Cardinal Mundelein phrased it in his cordial, manly, and unforced address of welcome at the cathedral, "the very person of the Holy Father who is so dear to me as father and as friend."

"As father and as friend!" The words sounded the keynote of the day. As fathers, as friends, as brothers, and as sons, this great concourse of Catholic dignitaries now within our gates seems to have come together. There was an unexpected and a refreshing absence of the grandiose in the events of yesterday. The hours between the arrival of the prelates on the special train that brought them from New York and the dismissal of the congregation at the Holy Name were two moving, colorful hours, but sane and self-respecting.

CARDINALS BEAM IN GREETINGS

The town seemed more glad than awed at sight of their eminences. The cardinals themselves were equally at ease, beaming happily upon the people as they gave them blessing and, manifestly, feeling—from the instant of Mayor Dever's hearty greeting on the station platform—too much at home to be very ceremonious.

A few score devotees threw roses in their path as the cardinals rode along, and hundreds broke the police lines at half a dozen points to press around the legate's car and kiss the ruby ring on his right hand. To the non-Catholic onlooker that homage, so spontaneous and so free from self-consciousness, was beautiful and touching to see, but more impressive was the hearty roar of cheers that welcomed the

smiling men whom the crowds liked as well as revered, and to whom honor was paid on the solid grounds of great learning, great goodness, and great character.

And so, without hysteria and without excess, Chicago became for the time being the premier city of the Catholic world and the seat of prelates who hold key positions in the life of Christendom.

The genuineness of all that happened demands genuine record of what happened.

The deep, true note of rhapsody in this day may well be left to the bells which from a hundred church towers on the south, north and west sides of Chicago began calling, calling, calling and singing to the faithful when the roar of whistles—released at 10:45 o'clock as the train painted in cardinal red drew in—had died away.

The next high note of drama and of poetry was sounded at the cathedral when the legate moved up the center aisle beneath a swaying canopy of white silk borne by acolytes. The thunder of the organ, the joyous proclamation of the antiphon of the forty-second psalm, "Introibo ad altare Deo"—"I will go up to the altar of God: to God who giveth joy to my youth"—rang through the church.

With slow and stately step the legate advanced to a prie-dieu in the center of the sanctuary and sank upon his knees. There he remained many seconds in prayer.

"BEHOLD THE GREAT PRIEST"

Choir and organ swept into the strains of that greeting which kings might envy, "Ecce sacerdos magnus!"—"Behold the great priest!"

The legate was conducted to his throne on the left side of the sanctuary as you face the altar. That lofty throne, covered and hung with cardinal red, was flooded with golden light.

Near the legate, within the sanctuary, below him in the transept and far away from him in the nave of the church, a historical painting such as one comes upon in galleries of the old world was now

touched to life and to actuality.

Banners softly swaying high aloft; enormous golden garlands of grape leaves and clusters of grapes; sheaves of the goodly wheat; triple crowns of gold interlaced with silver fabric; Knights of the Holy See in ceremonial cloaks partly revealing coat sleeves heavily embroidered with gold and silver; white plumed chapeaux; dress swords; colossal replicas of the papal arms, and, now rising, now sitting, now kneeling, a host of bishops and archbishops in the purple of their office.

INDIAN COMPLETES THE PICTURE

And here—ah, marvelous continuity and comprehensiveness of the church's story!—an American Indian wearing the feathered ceremonial headdress of the Chipewas. That Indian is a priest now and known and loved among his people and your people at Centeria, Wis., as Father Philip Gordon.

Amid this banner hung and garlanded scene, glowing with embroidered vestments, gleaming with jeweled mosaics, and shimmering with the light of waxen candles, a simple service was performed. The chants, culminating in a *Te Deum*, the forthright extending of the hand and word of fellowship by Cardinal Mundelein, and the reverent pause of adoration at the sanctuary rails by priests and people—that was all.

But all was noble, uncluttered, sincere. Lofty taste and lofty dignity distinguished it, but its essential note—the note that warmed and made fond and happy the heart of Catholic and non-Catholic alike—was the note of fatherhood and brotherhood.

MUNDELEIN STRIKES KEYNOTE

I tried, as I watched wide-eyed and listened with untutored ears to so much that was solemn and splendid and to much that baffled even while it entranced, to order in my mind what living and not to be forgotten meaning it should hold for me in my courts of memory. And perhaps this is it: That here the ancient days are come

again in this new land, and they are come again with the cordial, genial, brotherly spirit of the land in them.

That message Cardinal Mundelein as he stood in the marble pulpit seemed wishful to emphasize.

"Even those," he said, "not of our faith have put aside all selfish or partisan considerations and have accorded to us and our guests a friendliness and cordiality such as has never been evidenced before in our history."

HUMBLER DAYS RECALLED

And there was a note of special tenderness in the archbishop of Chicago's weighty tones when, turning to the motionless legate on the emblazoned throne, he touched upon the humbler days and tasks of them both, saying:

"As for myself, we have been close friends for many years, in lowly places and high stations. Nothing has ever been able to mar the harmony of our friendship. I was the first one to welcome you to our country when you came to represent the holy see as our apostolic delegate.

"To welcome you now in the higher place when you come to represent the very person of the Holy Father, who is as dear to me as a real father and friend, let me simply say from the bottom of my heart that no one he could send would be so welcome as is your eminence this day."

That was a greeting, surely, worth the legate's journey of 5,000 miles by land and by sea.

COMPOSURE—AND A TWINKLE

The morning held endless sidelights. All beholders were captivated by the beautiful composure of Cardinal O'Donnell, the Irish primate, when he was greeted by the children and the grownups of his

ebullient race, for 'twas composure that still carried a twinkle with it.

Another dignitary—venerable and obviously South European—comfortably took snuff as he rode up the boulevard in the legate's procession. What was regal in that progress, that old man instantly made neighborly.

At the Eleventh street viaduct, where hundreds of clergy and laity were awaiting the arrival of the cardinals' train at their ease, I heard for the first time in my life Catholic clergymen taking orders from a layman. A stalwart mounted policeman rode up to the chatting group and called, "Clergy, fall in!"

Meekly they fell in.

PREFERS FRIENDLY HANDSHAKE

The legate, as I heard from a good source, deprecates o'erlavish homage, preferring, in his heart, a grip of the hand to incessant genuflection. John Ireland, the greatest prelate in some ways that the American Catholic church ever produced, was like that. I once heard him genially forbid obeisance, saying, "My brother, those days are gone!" And that was said to a priest!

Upon leaving their train the cardinals made urbane farewells to the train crew. In responding to greetings from dignitaries who met him on the station platform, the legate kissed them on each cheek.

All day long the motor busses flew the papal colors. On the prow of the automobile occupied by the legate and his cardinal host were the papal arms. From that car the two motorcycle policemen who escorted it never once removed, each man, one hand. The officer on the right kept his left hand on the car, guiding his machine with his right; the officer on the left vice versa. I observed them thus block after block.

Cheering—and that hearty—did frequently greet the cardinals; but let us not overdraw for the sake of a resonant paragraph. The sound that steadily accompanied their progress was a patter of hand clapping three miles long and at some points a dozen rows deep. Synchronized with that sound was the fluttering of tiny American flags in the hands of the spectators. The combined effect was pretty and animated. It pleased the prelates.

Many of the laity in the procession, and among the officials who extended the municipality's welcome, wore full evening dress—this country's nearest approach to court dress. Ald. John Coughlin replaced the conventional white bow of full dress with a bow of pale purple silk. It was a touch not to be ignored by a veracious reporter.

Sergt. Michael B. Ellis, long since acclaimed by the Congress of the United States as one of the bravest of the brave in the world war—'twas he who single handed captured two machine guns and 60 prisoners on the first day of the Meuse-Argonne battles—was an assistant marshal in the parade. One felt more comfortable at thought of his competent presence when the police lines occasionally broke and those vast canons of cross streets from Congress to Monroe erupted masses of enthusiasts into the line of march.

That was the sole disturbing incident of the day. It held real peril. Had those masses of humanity gotten wholly out of hand, trampling and suffocation would surely have resulted. But policemen and marshals kept their heads, swiftly reformed the lines, and swung the people back to the walks. It was well done.

OUR HISTORICAL HERITAGE

President Roosevelt loved to dwell upon—and to bite into in his voracious way—

the theme of, as he put it, "the preservation of the evidences of the continuity of our history." Always he pleaded and acted for the preservation of those evidences, as when he refused to countenance any suggestion of the building of a new White House.

The colonel's theme is an important part of the record of yesterday, and Chicagoans well may ponder it. Yes-

terday emphasized our possession of those evidences of a living and illustrious past.

On the banks of our river which the resplendent princes crossed, Father Marquette prayed, and suffered, and said mass in that bitter winter two centuries and a half ago. The princes have but come home to an ancient scene of their church's sacrifices and pioneering. Amazing contrast! Those bleak dunes and frozen marshes of

the Laon man's consecration; today spires of the faith, and the peaceful battlements of commerce, and the serene halls of learning.

Yet only the length of three very long lives lies between the two pictures.

We, too, have our continuity of struggle and of achievement, and the current ceremonial solemnly brings it home.

From The Chicago Tribune of Saturday, June 19, 1926

I*N an instant one of those sudden changes common to an Irish assembly, and scarcely credible to a stranger, took place. The multitude was hushed—the grotesque of the subscription list had passed away and was forgotten, and that same man and that same multitude stood in altered relations—THEY were again a reverent flock, and HE once more a solemn pastor; the natural play of his nation's mirthful sarcasm was absorbed in a moment in the sacredness of his office; and with a solemnity befitting the highest occasion, Father Phil placed his hands together before his breast, and raising his eyes to Heaven he poured forth his sweet voice, with a tone of the deepest devotion, in that reverential call to prayer, "ORATE, FRATRES."*

SAMUEL LOVER

("Handy Andy: A Tale of Irish Life;" Chapter XXVIII. 1842.)

Pupils Rejoice in Visit of Kindly Cardinal

By

James O'Donnell Bennett

YESTERMORN I saw the successor of St. Patrick at worship, at work, and at play.

IRISH PRIMATE BRINGS SPIRIT OF ST. PATRICK

All he did, all he saw, and all whom he met, Cardinal Patrick O'Donnell, archbishop of Armagh and primate of all Ireland, loved.

He loved the children, and played with them, and blessed them. He loved the lake and thanked God for it, saying, "'Tis one of the most beautiful waters the hand of the Creator has made." He said that as he stood before the altar of his Master.

On the suave lawns of Immaculata school, from which he could see his new found love, Lake Michigan, he gathered the children around him and forbade them not.

"ROSEMARY, LITTLE ROSEMARY"

He patted the auburn curls of a little girl—aged 5—and sighed with half comic, half rueful yearning, "O, my dear little miss, I hope it'll be many a long day before your hair'll be gray—gray like mine! There's sunshine in it now."

"Rosemary," said she, when he asked her name.

"Rosemary!" he echoed softly. "'Tis a pretty, pretty name. Rosemary."

With quizzical wonder he looked into the eyes of an American boy—a slip of a boy wearing heavy glasses—and exclaimed, "O my little man! Why do you have to wear spectacles like me?"

A cleric making the presentations subtly shaped the whisper, "From Galway, your eminence, Lieut. Connors."

So by the time Patrick Connors of Town Hall station had risen from his knees, the cardinal had caught up his cue and was saying, "From Galway, lieutenant? That's a wee bit of a way ye are from home this morn!"

"THAT'S A GOOD BOY"

To mothers who brought their children to his knees he would fleetingly assume a weighty, judicial air, and, appraising the subdued mite of humanity before him,

would say, "That's a good child! That's a good bye!"

And the poor wight thus acclaimed will—you could foretell it from the light in the proud mother's eye—have indefinitely to live up to the appraisalment.

And upon a newspaper man who has followed him day and night from New York bay and waked him at unearthly hours for "statements" he fixed an eye of mock austerity and remarked, "I recommend a good night's sleep for all newspaper men, and that—in passing—may give me a chance for one."

THE FORGOTTEN BIRETTA

On another of the same guild who seems o'er young for the rigors of the craft he bestowed a fatherly pat, saying, "You're not a newspaper man—you're only a bye!" But later he subjected the "bye" to a close examination as to how newspapers of 40 pages could be sold for 2 cents.

And to a girl student of the Immaculata who with pretty obeisance brought him the flame colored biretta he had left in the drawing room of the sisters and had quite forgotten, he held out no hope of cardinal rank for her sex, and said, "Thank you, my dear, for bringing it. You know"—this by way of half whispered confidence—"you know, it's no good to you and it's very useful to me."

And finally to one who had served at the altar, but now stood modestly aside, "Well, well, you're last, my son, but truly not least." And he blessed the boy.

FLITS FROM WHIMSEY TO WISDOM

The venerable man bewitched the multitude. For one and all he had a weighty word of admonition and a honeyed word of blarney. He was tireless. Within two hours he pontificated, he preached a homily on the higher education of women, he sub-

mitted to three interviews, and he flitted from wisdom to whimsey and back again.

"Work, work, work incessantly," he pleaded, "for the glory of God, for those ideals and for the training in those ideals that are best for the faith and best for human society; work after the pattern which our Lord would like us to follow."

Then with a whimsical hint of apology he pleaded for a bit of playtime for certain young ladies who seemed to him beautifully to have done their work that morning and faithfully to have prepared themselves for the work. And that brilliant and difficult task was the singing by the girls' choir of Immaculata school of the "Missa Choralis" of Refice and the "Ecce Panis Angelorum" of Mendelsohn.

"The one thing I wanted most to say," he said before he descended from the stage of the school hall where the altar had been erected for this pontifical high mass, "Well, that one thing I forgot. It was to convey to these young ladies how much I appreciate the beautiful manner in which they sang the mass. And I am sure that for what so beautifully has been done the sisters will give the girls something in the way of a holiday, if only because they have brought joy to the heart of a very humble Catholic like myself."

A TRADITION OF GOOD CHEER

In his comings and goings from school hall and lawn and breakfast table the cardinal touched to life and laughter the tradition of the cheerfulest saint in the Catholic calendar, whose ancient seat at Armagh he now occupies—that Bishop Patrick who fifteen centuries ago founded the see city of Armagh and who became the patron saint of the green isle. From the gently undulant, genial county of the eight baronies and from its city set upon a hillside—that is what Ard-Macha,

or Armagh, means, that is "high field"—Patrick's successor comes to the Eucharistic congress and with him brings the spirit of his region of perennial streams, pure springs, smooth lawns, and clear skies, and he releases it in speech that is velvety with the brogue.

A graver spirit of his city he also brings and that is the spirit of its proud tradition of and its ardor for education. That tradition Patrick O'Donnell is manfully carrying forward with little money but with a brave heart, even as the first bishop of Armagh carried it 1,500 years ago, and it was as an educator that the cardinal best liked to speak to the nearly 50 ladies of Immaculata and the nearly 1,000 pupils whom the ladies marshaled before him yesterday.

He beamed upon the teachers and the misses and called them "my dear friends"—how dear to him he could, so he said, more fondly impart, perhaps, if they would let him speak for an instant in his beloved Gaelic and call them 'A Caidre Dil,' which means the same and yet to him means more.

PLEADS FOR EDUCATED WOMEN

And then his little homily on the higher education of women, which later he expanded in the drawing room. Did he fear that the higher education of women would make women restless? Nay, it would make them one of the church's greatest assets, and, thank God, in Ireland women were going into the professions.

"No field," he continued, warming to his theme, "is so well worth cultivating as the human mind, and the mind of a good woman is a very precious creation of the hand of God. Fears have been expressed in many countries that modern education would tend to concentrate too much on intellect and too much on physical drill to

leave room for the highest development of family life and of woman's character.

"No, sisters, for neither exercise of the body, nor intellectual pursuits of the highest order, can be held to be in any way inconsistent with the training of heart and with the development of that sympathy which adorns women of the highest type in every sphere of life—and not least in the domestic sphere, where woman is queen

and should reign supreme. For in that supremacy shines forth the inherent nobility and unselfishness of her disposition.

NEW OPPORTUNITIES IN EDUCATION

"No, I do not fear. The trends of modern education do not make me apprehensive. Those trends lead to new opportunities of an exceptional character and they will make women better and better, fitter to do their work in the church of

God and to help others, and help themselves, to the way of salvation.

"The holy father has said emphatically what I am trying to say. For the canonization last year of Mme. Barat and of Mme. Postel, founders in the last century of schools for the education of girls, was the church's recognition of work that you, sisters, are doing here on the shores of this beautiful lake."

From The Chicago of Monday, June 21, 1926

THERE is not, and there never was on this earth, a work of human policy so well deserving of examination as the Roman Catholic Church. The history of that Church joins together the two great ages of human civilization. No other institution is left standing which carries the mind back to the times when the smoke of sacrifice rose from the Pantheon, and when camelopards and tigers bounded in the Flavian amphitheatre. The proudest royal houses are but of yesterday, when compared with the line of the Supreme Pontiffs. That line we trace back in an unbroken series, from the Pope who crowned Napoleon in the nineteenth century to the Pope who crowned Pepin in the eighth; and far beyond the time of Pepin the august dynasty extends, till it is lost in the twilight of fable.

LORD MACAULAY.

(Essay on Ranke's "History of the Popes." 1840.)

Pope's Legate Enthroned in Vivid Pageant

Million at Communion

Reports received at the office of the chancellor of the archdiocese of Chicago up to a late hour last night indicated that Cardinal Mundelein's promise that 1,000,000



persons would receive communion at the 6,000 masses in the 363 churches of the archdiocese yesterday had been more than fulfilled. More than half of the parishes are still to be heard from, but all those which reported yesterday had exceeded their quotas.

The Benediction of Most Blessed Sacrament was given in all the churches last evening and sermons were preached by the visiting prelates.

By

James O'Donnell Bennett

THREE glowing and eloquent hours of pageantry, solemnity and sermon beneath the banner-hung and garlanded arches of the Cathedral of the Holy Name inaugurated yesterday morning the twenty-eighth International Eucharistic congress of the Catholic church.

The occasion was one of stupendous and varied splendor. It was populous with the stately personalities of the highest dignitaries of a world wide hierarchy and it was given an arresting news significance by the release of utterances from the pen of Pope Pius XI. and from the lips of his legate at the congress, the cardinal priest John Bonzano, that are of essential import to Christendom.

OFFERS HAND OF UNITY

The reigning pontiff, in brief, held out the hand of fatherhood and brotherhood to those whom he called "our separated brethren," saying toward the close of his mandate of Eucharistical instruction to the throned legate who sat on the right side of the glittering and empurpled sanctuary:

"These matters, beloved son, we desire you to dwell upon and emphasize when, in your official capacity as legate, you address the whole assembly. Other things also we would have you in our words urge upon the charity of those who will gather on this occasion in Chicago. We mean the return to the Roman church of our separated brethren, which must be so sought and furthered that 'all may be



More throngs! The entrance to the Cathedral of the Holy Name, where thousands of people unable to gain entrance waited outside during the long inaugural services of Sunday morning, June 20th. Loudspeakers carried the music and sermons to them.

one.' We mean that the work of the missions is to be far more widely spread, in order that temples and altars to Christ, hidden under sacramental veils, may be multiplied in lands not yet subjected to His sweet yoke and that new adorers of the Eucharist may be added to those who now adore."

Such was the keynote of the most illustrious day in the annals of the Catholic church in America.

A MESSAGE TO NON-CATHOLICS

That note was caught up by George Mundelein, cardinal archbishop of Chicago, and he in turn made it the keyword of the loving and solicitous homily he preached to Catholics and non-Catholics alike.

"To the multitude of earnest, honest souls outside the church," he said, "to that multitude, this congress, too, has its message."

He deprecated any intrusion of a haughty spirit into the solemnities of worship and of instruction which the coming days hold and he said:

"Far be it from us to look upon this congress as a demonstration of our strength and numbers. Little would it avail us were it to vaunt our superiority and our own glory. Rather it is our hope that the example of our vivid attachment to the Holy Eucharist and our evident appreciation of the gift that is ours therein may encourage those earnest, honest ones to learn for themselves of this marvelous condescension on God's part to us humans.

HELP FOR A TROUBLED WORLD

"There are so many restless and unhappy souls in the world about us! The mass of wrecked homes, the great numbers of bleeding hearts, the growing disrespect for law and order all point out to us that there is something wanting in the life of our people today.

"May it not be that the banishment of the supernatural, the gradually

vanishing figure of the real Christ, the God-man, the divine teacher, the law-giver, the just judge of the universe, His removal from the school, the fireside and the hearts of man, is the underlying cause? Here in the Eucharist He stands forth, not as a myth, not as a hero in a fairy tale, not as a great figure that exists only in history, but as a definite, positive, living figure, really existing now, even as you and I."

AN APOSTROPHE AND A PRAYER

The cardinal archbishop of Chicago closed with rapturous apostrophe to the Eucharist, and with a prayer that in the hour "when death shall lift for us the white shroud of the Eucharist," all its mystery may be made clear and its benefaction made perfect, and on these words the homiletic eloquence and fervor of the day culminated:

"... this bread that is come down from heaven becomes the protection of tender childhood, the safeguarding of youth, the strength of womanhood, the purifying force in manhood, the inspiration of priesthood, the consolation of the aged, our nourishment in life, our comfort in death, our reward in eternity. And for us who are of the household of the faith, to whom God has given the priceless gift of being numbered among His children, who have so often been warmed and comforted and strengthened by His sacramental presence, our fervent prayers for ourselves and those dear to us is, that when death lifts for us the white shroud of the Eucharist, we may continue to praise and worship face to face for all eternity the same God whom on earth we adored in the sacrament of the altar, 'adoremus in aeternum sanctissimum sacramentum'—O sacrament that we adore, make us love thee forever more. Amen! Amen!"

2,000 BREATHE THEIR ASSENT

"Amen! Amen!" softly breathed by princes and prelates and teaching brothers and cowed friars, briefly filled the church. Affirmation of the cardinal's prayer spoke with 2,000 tongues.

Manly sweetness informed and Christian courtesy ennobled the messages imparted to this city by the Roman pontiff, by his legate, and by the resident prelate.

In the third line of his mandate—read first in Latin and then in English from the marble pulpit by the Very Reverend Monsignor Dennis J. Dunne, D. D., pastor of Holy Cross church, Chicago—Pius XI. acclaimed Chicago as "well known for its grandeur and prosperity, conspicuous also for the number and zeal of its Catholics."

To his legate, whom Cardinal Mundelein described as "trusted counselor from the very side of the holy father's throne," the Pope extended felicitations upon his return to our country and our city.

"In going thither," he said, "you return, as it were, a citizen to your fellow citizens—to those who, during your long sojourn as apostolic delegate among them, had the advantage of your presence and guidance and were edified by the manifold proofs of your piety."

The mandate closed with these regal words:

"Given at St. Peter's, Rome, this eighteenth day of May in the year of Our Lord 1926, and the fifth of our pontificate."

ADMONISHES CATHOLIC CHURCHMEN

The mandate contained but one stern utterance and that was flung by the pontiff at those within the ranks of his own communion who are routine and perfunctory churchmen.

"Spineless sort of Christians," he called them.

The words were withering.

"Those," he wrote, "who, albeit they are, perhaps, habitual partakers of the heavenly repast, yet neglect their interior life, or dread the thought of it—what is said of them?"

"Only that they are a spineless sort of

Christians, unfit to strive for the holiest of causes."

"Why cumber they the ground?" demanded the head of the church, and hammered his thought home thus:

"Are they any addition to the host of the blessed and saints in heaven in whom the church glories? Do they not delude themselves, forgetful as they are of their own spiritual welfare and careless of their own perfection, in thinking that they can be of any real service to the Catholic cause, or promote the spiritual welfare and eternal salvation of their fellow men?"

Theodore Roosevelt never spoke more bluntly on pretenders. The venerable fathers seated below the marble pulpit nodded relishingly as Dr. Dunne rolled forth the sovereign's words.

Like his spiritual chieftain in Rome, and like his host in Chicago, Legate Bonzano spoke more as a world citizen speaking to a city than as an ecclesiastic speaking to a congregation. He possesses that attribute the church so prizes in her children—urbanity. In his precisely worded and cleanly uttered English, with its emphatic consonants and its beautifully rounded vowels, he dwelt fondly upon "the opportunity to revive the memory of happy years" which the Pope has given him in sending him as "our legate a latere" (from our side), as the mandate phrased it.

LEGATE GREETES CHICAGO

In soft and melodious tones, more ingratiating than commanding, the supreme figure of the solemnities and the felicitations gave greeting to Chicago, saying:

"Here religion, side by side with labor and culture, flourishes and spreads its benefactions—caring for those who are in need, providing for every form of suffering and sorrow, lifting the weak and guiding the strong, in the way of Christ, the eternal way of His salvation."

He called Chicago typical.

"Typical," he said, "of America's energy and progress—a city so cosmopolitan, a city which gathers the richest products of

nature and toil to distribute them through the whole world.

"Typical, I say, not alone of American enterprise, but also of the aspiration for the higher life which makes industry the servant of the spirit and turns material gains to finer uses, even as the intellect of man transmutes the facts of sense to give them meaning and ideal value.

"Fitting it is that our hymn of thanksgiving should rise to heaven from this city of Chicago!"

MAKES MISSIONARY PLEA

Having made this greeting, at once so courtly and so pious, the legate plunged into the theme that dominated the papal mandate, or "brief," which the head of the ancient church had intrusted to him—the theme of Christian unity.

He quoted the words of Jesus—"Other sheep I have that are not of this fold; them also I must bring, and they shall hear my voice, and there shall be one fold and one shepherd"—and he continued:

"Those sheep, those souls, that belong to Christ through their belief in Him, their eagerness to hear His voice and to do His will, their cleanness of heart and their charity abounding in many good works—these, too, must be brought together in His church and nourished with the Bread of Life, that so in reality and not in name only there may be 'one Lord, one faith, and one baptism.' Then shall the reproach of division be taken away from the Christian name, and from those who glory in it, the evil of discord, then also, with single purpose and mutual support inspiring its members, shall a united Christendom, under the standard of Christ the King, go forth to universal conquest and the spreading of His kingdom to the uttermost parts of the earth."

Again the murmur "Amen! Amen!"

A COLORFUL PAGEANT

Such was the message of a day that pictorially and musically, was highly ornate and splendid, but the message was so intimate, so cordial, so brotherly, so innocent

of contention or command, that its spiritual significance was the matter on men's lips as they went forth from the church—not the matter of the ancient but ever renewing pomp which their eyes had beheld.

Opulent pageantry there was, and the grand unfolding of that incomparable ritual which Cardinal Newman was wont to call "not a mere form of words but a great action, the greatest action that can be on earth—the evocation of the Eternal."

The cathedral holds 2,000.

Three minutes before 11 o'clock it was swept by strains of music from a symphony orchestra stationed in the organ loft that was hung with the arms of the pope, the legate, and the Chicago cardinal.

AN AVALANCHE OF COLOR

Forthwith an avalanche of color was released.

It continued for 50 minutes amid the thunder of the organ, the repeated flourish of trumpets, the deep, golden notes of viols, and the exultant voices of 200 choristers.

Wave upon wave of color, wave upon wave of sound, beat upon the scene and engulfed it. The music of massed bands in streets on the four sides of the cathedral church and the cathedral schools blended with the peans that shook the stone edifice from within.

Now the sunlit streets pour color and masses of vested men and boys into the church.

Slowly up the nave come four hundred acolytes in white and purple and red and purple. They pass through the empty sanctuary and vanish through portals opening into the residential and administrative parts of the edifice. They are seen no more.

VENERABLE PRIESTS ENTER

Hardly have they been lost to view when, at a flourish of trumpets, the more venerable priests of this and other dioceses fill the far perspective of the center aisle where it meets the sunlit street. They wear black cassocks. Their care lined, patient faces, their simple garb, their bent shoulders—ah, what a tale of faithful years in the

sequestered places of service they tell! But this day they tenderly are honored and trumpets herald them.

Now Dominicans in white cowls with black capes, and Benedictines all in black. And Franciscans—poor men by their vows, but rich in their possession of the name and fame of that kind saint, called “the saint of the people,” who so loved the birds and the flowers—in their austere habits of brown girdled with rope. Play lustily, O trumpets, for them! Long, long, have they been with us and with our forebears of the new world. They lost no time. The first Franciscans came to America with Columbus on his second voyage!

Now bearded Capuchins—bearded always—and Carmelites in black and white, and Trappists and Carthusians.

FRANCISCAN FRIARS SMILE

How those Franciscan friars smile when their eyes fall upon the statue of St. Anthony of Padua on the south wall of the transept! For Anthony—next to their own Francis—is the saint dearest to them.

On, on in they come—the teaching Christian Brothers, learned Jesuits in black, Passionists, Paulists, that order of converts; Redemptorists, and Brothers of Mary.

Monks and friars and doctors—every moment of their passing is a page in the annals of social service, of education, and of sacrifice!

Amazing order attends the distribution of the figures in this enormous tableau. A quick, subdued word of command and the lines separate and end in the place days since appointed.

CATHEDRAL BELL BOOMS

The great bell of the cathedral is booming. The strains of Sir Edward Elgar’s “Pomp and Circumstance” mount to the booming of the bell.

Now the pastoral clergy from many dioceses are moving up the aisle.

Eight hundred priests have found their places.

Now 500 Monsignori—the church’s best

buffers and mediaries between it and a clamorous world.

Endless gradations of rank and station enlarge the scene—here seventeen mitred abbots, four superiors general, three apostolic prefects, three apostolic delegates.

And the climes and the countries!

Bishop Heber said it:

*From Greenland’s icy mountains,
From India’s coral strand,*

*Where Afric’s sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;*

*From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain.*

“Afric’s sunny fountains” is here no convenient line of verse quoted to color a scene. It is touchingly literal, for yonder aged man in purple, the Right Reverend Hugh McSherry, is bishop of the eastern district of the Cape of Good Hope, and he has made a journey of more than 8,000 miles to attend this Congress. But the Bishop of Simla, India, traveled further still.

Hark now!

From the choir loft descends that royal proclamation in song “Ecce sacerdos magnus!” (Behold the great priest.)

It means that the prelates have come into view—277 bishops and 57 archbishops.

Never in the history of the western world has it had such a concourse of the hierarchy.

Each bishop and archbishop is attended by two chaplains. The transept—empty until now—glows with the purple of their lordships. The chaplains in white withdraw to the edges of the transept as the prelates sink into their seats. Thus is that purple garden of learning and of piety suddenly fringed with a border of white. The effect is entrancing.

The bishop of Malta, key isle of the Mediterranean, is attended by two Knights of Malta in white cloaks and white garrison caps. The bishop of Honduras follows. A Chinese Knight of St. Gregory is blandly surveying the scene. The statues of long gone saints to which he lifts his eyes are

not more perfect images of imperturbability than he.

What geography! What chronology! It is a march past of 19 centuries; a winding into this church of the world’s circumference; a resounding roll call of kingdoms and principalities and commonwealths while the great bell booms. With soft steps and slow they glide by.

THE CARDINALS ENTER

Again the trumpets, and now come the cardinals—Italy, America, Hungary, Austria, France, Germany, Spain, Ireland—the good man from Armagh, successor to St. Patrick and old in wisdom and cheery piety, coming last of all because he, of all the red princes on this scene, last was elevated to the cardinalate.

The cardinals are preceded by special acolytes in red, and the cardinal legate is attended by a special retinue of chaplains, of monsignori and of Knights and Knights Commander of St. Gregory the Great in court dress with sword.

FLAMING WALL OF CARDINALS

Thus is the scene peopled.

Seipel, Austria’s prelate chancellor, takes his seat beside the legate’s throne after the legate has been escorted thither. A flaming wall of ten cardinals rises opposite them on the south side of the sanctuary. At the feet of the enthroned men sit their acolytes.

To Belgium is accorded the honor of the choice of one of its prelates as celebrant of the pontifical solemn high mass which now follows and which marks the formal inauguration of this congress as well as the reception and installation of the pontiff’s representative. Bishop Thomas Heylen, in other words, from the high fortress city of Namur that has commanded the battleground of Europe since Caesar’s time, pontificates.

The “color of the mass” for this day is white, but because gold is a substitute in the liturgical scheme of colors for any color except purple and black, they vest the soft-voiced Heylen in gold.

AN EPISODE OF CHURCH HISTORY

The long and intensely ceremonial exchange of greeting and felicitation which now begins, the reading in Latin and in English of the papal brief, the sermon of welcome by Cardinal Mundelein, the sermon of response by the legate, the giving of the papal benediction and the proclaiming of indulgence, the solemn and heart searching bestowal of the kiss of peace, the clashing of mass bells, the awful moments of silence which mark the culmination of the supreme sacrifice, the clouds of incense, the descent of the Gregorian strains beloved of Mozart, who declared that passage the most beautiful music ever written—these are the wonders and these the memories of those of us who kindly

were bidden to this historic episode in the annals of the mother church of Christendom.

CROWDS AWAIT DISPERSAL

The end and the dispersal were worthy of it all and to me they were the part not least endearing. Into the sunlit streets and beneath the bright June sky they came—these devotees and dignitaries—and there they were met and cheered by their fellow communicants who for hours had followed by means of amplifiers all that had been said and all that had been sung within the church. Through ranks upon ranks of their people, prelates and clergy passed, banners going before and blessings following them. Each cardinal, each archbishop, attended by a great train of nobles and

clerics, went his way from the unforgettable morning. Past happy faces and amid soft breezes the holy men went, and the rapture of the day and of its deed spoke to them in echoes of a poet, voiceless now these five and thirty years, but speaking still:

*'Tis heaven alone that is given away,
'Tis only God may be had for the asking;
No price is set on the lavish summer;
June may be had by the poorest comer.*

*And what is so rare as a day in June?
Then, if ever, come perfect days;
Then heaven tries earth if it be in tune,
And over it softly her warm ear lays.**

*"The Vision of Sir Launfal," Prelude to Part First, by James Russell Lowell.

From The Chicago Tribune of Tuesday, June 22, 1926

THEY are idols of hearts and of households,

*They are angels of God in disguise;
His sunlight still sleeps in their tresses,
His glory still gleams in their eyes;
Oh, these truants from home and from heaven,*

*They have made me more manly and mild!
And I know now how Jesus could liken
The kingdom of God to a child.*

CHARLES MONROE DICKINSON
(*"The Children's"; 1889.*)

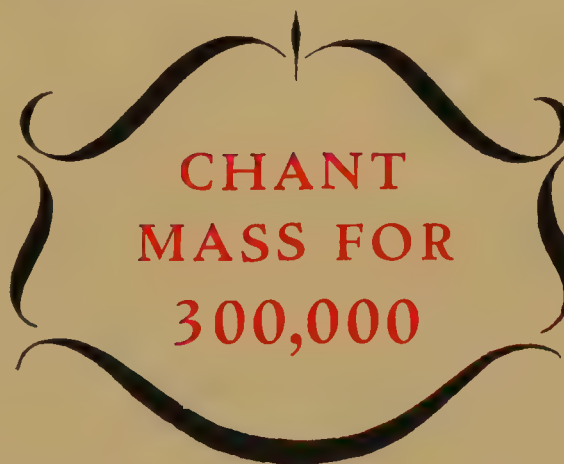
Soldiers' Field Rites Epochal in Church Annals

By
James O'Donnell Bennett

AN altar, twelve ecclesiastical thrones, 150,000 worshipers, nearly half of them singing children in white.

Such the congregation.

The flag of the republic and the cross of the church over all.



Such the spirit.

Thus did the lovely Mass of the Angels celebrated by the Catholic church yesterday morning on Soldiers' field become as much a rite of community and of country as a rite of the church. It was a coming together, indeed, of churchmen but it was likewise a consecration by and of citizens.

It transcended creed and became a universal song and oblation that touched and thrilled all hearts of what faith soever.

TEMPLE CANOPIED BY HEAVEN

It came to pass in the busy, feverish fast beating heart of the fourth city of the modern world, and it took from commerce and traffic and trade three of its valued hours.

But it said something alike to devotee and to trader, and the city paused to listen.

At the water gate of Chicago the church set up her temple. Its roof was the gray sky, low hung with scudding clouds driven lakeward by a westerly wind and bringing once a few drops of rain.

Its sheltering walls were the graystone cliffs of the Doric stadium.

Such was this cathedral of all outdoors.

The Doric cliffs bounded it on the east and west. Its open end to the north had the background of the Ionic colonnade of the Field museum. Nearly half a mile to the south the tremendous perspective ended in hangings of white and yellow—the papal colors—surmounted by staffs carrying gigantic flags of all nations.

Such the setting.

MORE THAN 300,000 IN THrong

Pressing from all points of the compass upon this mighty throng of 150,000 in the

arena was an additional multitude estimated to number from 150,000 to 250,000 men, women and children. The latter figure is thought to be not extravagant.

The spirit of that multitude beyond the Doric walls was in tune with the spirit of the body of worshipers within. It became a supplementary congregation, attentive to and moved by the remote echoes of prayer and song that it could hear.

Learned historiographers of the church declare that nothing comparable to the devotional outpouring which ushered in the second day of the twenty-eighth international Eucharistic congress is recorded in the annals of Catholicism.

The outpouring was as varied as it was vast. It comprehended all ranks and conditions of the church's children, from throned cardinals to barefoot friars.

ANSWER CHICAGO'S CALL

The cardinal archbishop of Chicago put it beautifully and truly when he said:

"As the youngest daughter of the great Catholic family, with all the enthusiasm and energy of youth we sent forth the call to the children of Holy Church the world over. And behold they have answered our call, and from every land under the sun they have come, the greatest and the poorest, the prince, the prelate, the priest and the humble pilgrim."

Beneath the gray sky and within the gray stadium all the colors incessantly were moving.

Banners around them and banners above them, resplendent figures in wind tossed vestments of white and gold and purple and cardinal red marched up the sides of a hill—predella, the liturgists call it, or platform, but really it was a hill built of timber and stained to represent a greensward—which was surmounted by a glowing baldachino, or protecting temple that sheltered the white pathos of the altar.

The baldachino was 86 feet high. It was a gilded replica of the altar of the Eternal City's Church of St. Paul Outside the Walls. Its roof was sentineled by four golden angels of heroic size. It was draped with crimson and gold and its four lofty

Corinthian columns rested on bases emblazoned with the papal arms. Flanking it were high hung shields bearing the same arms, and from masts rising higher still American flags swayed grandly.

Each of the four sides of the temple bore on its lofty cornice the words, "Ecce Agnus Dei" (Behold the Lamb of God).

The twelve thrones of the visiting cardinals rose like fortresses of flame to the right and the left of the green hillside and of the gilded Corinthian fabric.

PRELATES OCCUPY SANCTUARY

On lower levels of this improvised sanctuary sat scores of archbishops and hundreds of bishops.

Everywhere the American flag was swaying amid the banners and the insignia of devotion. The throne of John Bonzano, cardinal legate representing Pope Pius XI, was set far forward of six other cardinal thrones on the west side of the baldachino, and the papal arms which surmounted it were linked by heavy garlands of laurel to American flags flying from star tipped staffs.

Five more cardinal thrones confronted the legate from the eastern side of the green hill of steps leading up to the altar.

This whole hillside was semi-circled by a cyclorama effect of scarlet draperies.

MUSIC SEVEN CENTURIES OLD

In this setting the legate, through two hours of hushed melody and solemn pageantry, celebrated that "Mass of the Angels" which comes down to the church through seven centuries from the hand of the patrician saint, Thomas Aquinas, whom she loves to call "Doctor Angelicus" (the angelical doctor) and her "poet laureate of the Eucharist."

Assisting the legate in the rite which gave to Soldiers' field a very special and tender consecration that will abide as long as Chicago remembers its dead that died in the supreme cause of modern times were these ecclesiastics:

The Rt. Rev. Msgr. Francis A. Rempe of St. Clement's church, Chicago, assistant priest; the Rt. Rev. George Waring, New

York, and the Rt. Rev. Timothy Dempsey, St. Louis, deacons of honor; Rt. Rev. William Foley, Chicago, deacon, and Rt. Rev. Peter Quealy, Brooklyn, N. Y., sub-deacon.

AN EPIC OF HUGENESS

Now turn away from the altar and face south.

You look, and gasp.

If sheer hugeness is, say what you will, the commanding note of this second day of the congress, it still is a hugeness so superbly planned that it becomes resounding poetry—an epic, as it were, of worship.

In the bowl of the stadium you behold not groups but townships of children in white garments and yellow ribbands and head dresses. There is only one simile for that array, and if it be not an arresting simile it is at least veracious.

Field upon field of daisies—dainty and dear—that is what these children are.

A SALUTE TO MULDOON

A lovely thing happened as I formulated my easy simile. That beloved father in God, Muldoon, bishop of Rockford, passed on his way to the empurpled sanctuary at the foot of the green hillside, and behold! one field of daisies—the daisies whom the kind sisters had trained in Rockford these many weeks past and yesterday morning brought to Chicago to help sing the responses in this epic mass—joyously rose from the ground and transformed itself into a battalion of happy children giving their bishop good morning and waving their hands to him. He smiled upon them and they were happy.

And looking down upon these acres and acres of daisies that did sing "the Mass of the Angels" like angels were rows and ranks and tiers of fathers and mothers who sat in the seats that make the eastern and the western cliffs of the stadium. Behind the parents rose ponderous Doric columns and between the columns banners swayed and rippled and tugged in the mounting breeze.

All you beheld as you looked south from the green hill was to be measured



Aerial view of Soldiers' Field, Grant Park, on Monday morning, June 21st, when 62,000 parochial school children sang the "Mass of the Angels."

and numbered by no accustomed standards. Not thousands of people were here assembled for a church service but nearly eight score thousands; not yards of crimson carpet leading to the seats of the mighty but furlongs of it and of the garlands of laurel; not armfuls of the palms of victory adorning the improvised sanctuary but glades of them.

SERMON PREACHED BY CURLEY

Nor was the sermon of the mass to be weighed on any scant scales. It was preached by the learned Dr. Michael J. Curley, archbishop of Baltimore, in succession to the sainted Gibbons, and it filled ten long, solid typewritten pages. Its title alone made a sentence, and was:

"The Life of Prayer Nourished by the Word of God and the Eucharist: Sacrament of Union with God."

The archbishop, preaching with tremendous earnestness and vigor, proclaimed prayer "the essential characteristic, the outstanding mark of the Christian life," and, in a fresh and vibrant phrase that instantly made a place for itself amid the splendors of the day, he called prayer "the pioneering of the soul."

"ELEVATION OF THE SOUL"

These were the key passages of his long discourse:

"Prayer may mean many things. It may mean intercession, appeal, oblation, or consecration; but essentially it is what Catholic thought and theology have always declared it to be—the elevation of the soul to God, the union of the soul with its Creator.

"Prayer is as natural to man as to think or to breathe. Prayer, whether it is the simple plea of the sinner asking for God's favor and grace or whether it is the outpouring of a nature vibrant with the spiritual vitality imparted by Christ, is the instinctive impulse of the soul to follow the line which leads to its natural destiny.

"It is the effort of the soul to find the object of its being, the feeble attempt of the soul to go pioneering along the way

which leads to the goal for which it was created.

"The criterion of sanctity is not place, nor power, nor wealth; it is not to be found in the rags of the beggar any more than in the diadem of the ruler; it is to be seen in the spiritual craving which flowers into the life of prayer. It is prayer which gives the life of the saint its character and fervor."

But without levity it may be said that the great sermon of the day was its sights and its singing. They dominated and subdued all else. Even the buoyant and likable presence of Gov. Smith of New York moved his co-religionists and partisans only to decorous handclapping when the smiling man came early upon the scene—during that period of waiting which seems inevitable to all vast ceremonial, except when Calvin the Prompt is the central figure in it.

MUSIC STIRS WAITING CROWD

During the waiting time yesterday the multitude was stirred by the music of remote bands advancing upon this rendezvous of prayer; its imagination was kindled by the polyglot murmur of many important voices heard now for the first time within our gates; and its ears were entranced by the playing of melodies so contrastful as Mexico's "La Golendrina" and the church's ancient "Lauda Sion, Salvatorem."

And the eye was filled with the opulent and comprehensive symbolism of decoration that spoke forthrightly to Chicagoan as citizen and to Chicagoan as churchman—as when he saw the eagles of his land and of his imperial tradition surmounting pillars at the base of which lay the lamb of the Christus.

The new spirit of the old church, in other words, clasped hands with the spirit of a free people.

TRUMPETS PROCLAIM SACRIFICE

As on Sunday around the cathedral church of the archdiocese, so yesterday around this cathedral of all outdoors, the ordering of the pageant was accomplished by the blare of trumpets, but, unlike the

ceremonial of Sunday, the proclamation to the people of the supreme moment of the sacrifice of the mass was made to them not by the deep diapason of bells, but by the thrilling cry of trumpets. This was as at a regimental mass in the field.

As on Sunday, so yesterday, the princes were attended by splendid trains of nobles of the papal kingdom and by clerics of their households.

Honor seats in the stadium—a city block of seats, it seemed—were reserved for the ministering and teaching sisters of the church. Hundreds upon hundreds of them were there in their black gowns that are so deftly touched with white—a kind of sainted coquetry I call it, and love it—and in their calm eyes that see so far and so clearly into the heart of adolescence was the light of their divine hope—that single hope which sustained the woman who stepped from their ranks into the authentic body of American poetry:

*Other hope had she none, nor wish in life
but to follow
Meekly, with reverent steps, the sacred
feet of her Saviour.**

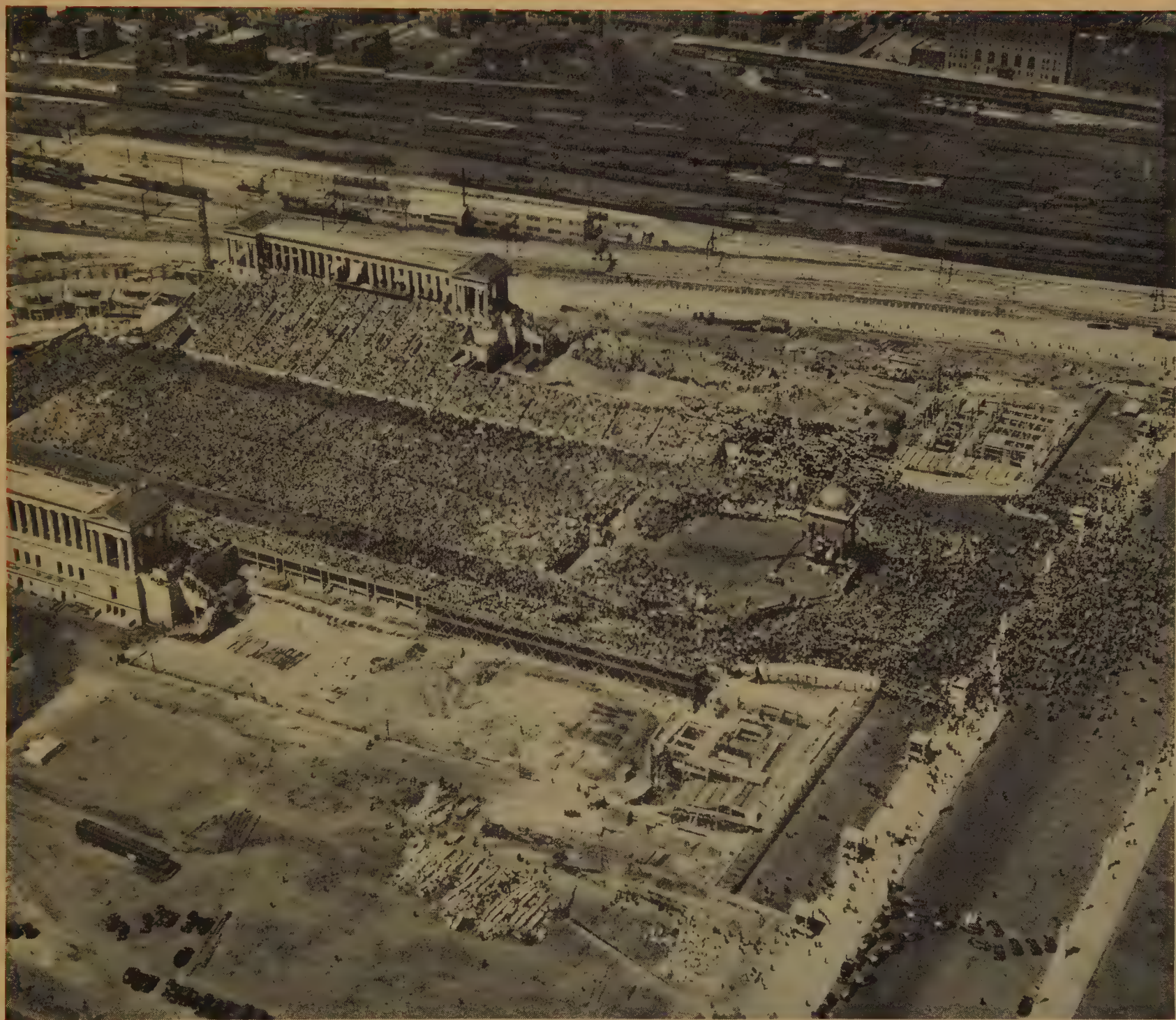
And so they sat serenely above their daisy fields of little children; and, lifting up to them their trustful faces, the children whose lives the sisters are shaping to good ends, wafted back to the legate's "In saecula saeculorum" their plaintive "Amen," and the voices of the sixty thousand innocents were as the voices of gentle waves when they break upon happy shores.

Thus did the wayfarer walk yesterday through a singing city, because, when the priest's command "Ite! Missa est" fell upon the ears of the people, and they and their spiritual leaders went their ways, they still went singing. For the people opened decorous ranks to the priests and sang for them as they passed. "Holy Lord, we pray to Thee."

Between walls of song the leaders marched.

It was a city singing.

*"Evangeline: A Tale of Acadie"; Part the Second, Canto V., by Henry W. Longfellow.



Women's Day, Tuesday, June 22nd, another bird's-eye view of Soldiers' Field.

HOW far that little candle throws
his beams!
So shines a good deed in a naughty
world. SHAKESPEARE
("The Merchant of Venice"; Act V, Scene I.)

Myriad Tapers Glow in Rite of Catholic Men

By

James O'Donnell Bennett

THEN came evening of the third day of the Catholic church's world-marshaled festival of the Eucharist and with it the vespers of a Titan and the renewal by a great army of Catholic men of their vows of fealty to country and to church.

That service, more properly to be defined as Solemn Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament, began with a rainbow that hung in the southeastern sky for half an hour before the sun sank from view at 8:30 o'clock, and it culminated two hours later with the lighting of 150,000 candles borne by that number of men worshipers kneeling before the white altar and the golden baldachino which command the northern end of Soldiers' field.

SILENT DARKNESS, THEN LIGHT

The silent moments of consecration and the singing moments of the "Tantum ergo sacramentum compar sit laudatio," which precede the priest's holding of the sacrament high before the congregation, passed in relative darkness.

Then, at the sounding of trumpets and of sanctuary bells, the mighty area of the stadium trembled into dimpling flame.

The oblation of fire by the 150,000 devotees kneeling in the stadium proper was carried beyond the Doric walls and out, far out, upon the terraces and the plaza of the Field museum, which bore 80,000 more light bringers.

HILLSIDES OF FLAMING TAPERS

The bowl, the precipitous tiers of seats, and the columned porticos of the stadium,

230,000
TAKE VESPER
PLEDGE

the steps and the balustrades of the terrace became hillsides and prairies of candle light that was girdled with the paler glow of garlands of electric lamps. The white shafts of floodlights shot across stupendous gardens of flickering candles—gardens a quarter of a mile wide and half a mile long.

And in the June sky shone the silver moon.

Every ray of light that the priestly directors of this dazzling culmination could command swiftly centered upon the altar.

The music of the trumpets died away, while the monstrance containing the consecrated particles was moved before the people in the sign of the cross by Cardinal Mundelein as he stood before the altar.

ELEVEN CARDINALS KNEEL

Far below him, and half way down the green predella which is surmounted by the altar and the baldachino, eleven cardinals and scores of archbishops, bishops, mitred abbots and monsignori knelt in adoration.

The white and gold banners of the papal kingdom were dipped as are the banners of armies at a military ceremonial.

The exultant asseveration of the "Tantum Ergo"—[Therefore let praise be given to this sacrament so great]—was being fulfilled.

It was fulfilled.

And thereupon choristers and people, singing now in English, lifted upon their voices in "Holy Lord, we praise Thee."

LEGATE GIVES PAPAL BLESSING

The representative of Pius XI. upon this scene, Cardinal Legate John Bonzano, gave the congregation his sovereign's blessing and plenary indulgence.

The candles flickered out.

With the spell of the majesty and the beauty and the pathos of the shining hymn of praise they had just enacted subduing their voices, the people went their ways.

BEAUTY OVERWHELMS THRONGS

Catholic and non-Catholic alike were, it may truly be said, overcome by what they just had seen. The police officers who guarded the throngs may fairly be supposed not to be o'er susceptible persons, but I saw many a stalwart of the force viewing the tableau of the candles with swimming eyes, and when it faded and flickered from view, and when the onrush of lights was withdrawn from the altar, and when the cardinal princes and the episcopal lords on the slopes of the predella and—mark this—the humble, toil worn, candle bringing Mexican laborers who work in railroad yards—had risen from their knees, the words ran among the thousands almost as one whisper, "I never in my life saw anything so beautiful!"

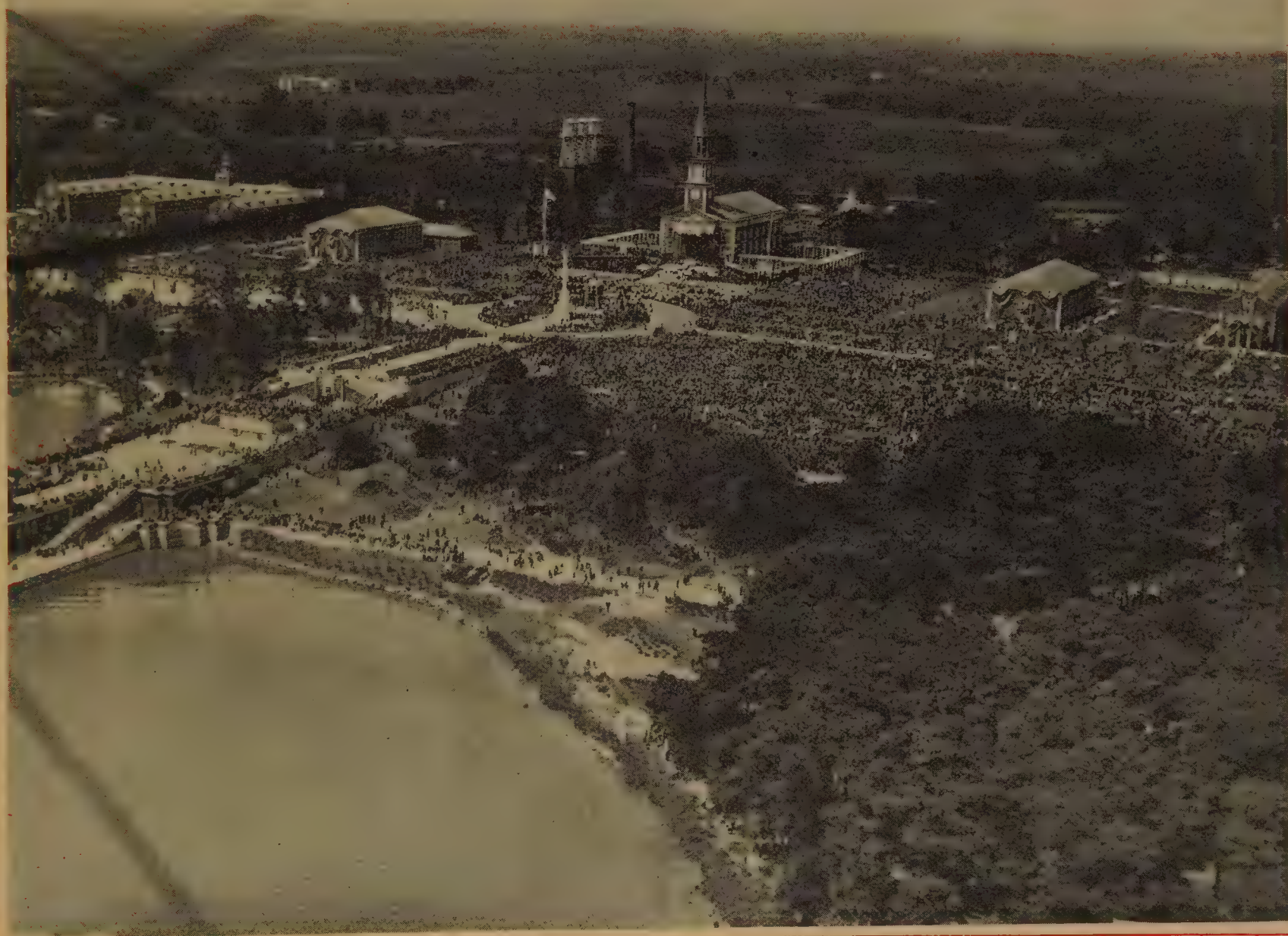
It could hardly have been more beautiful and been enduring.

It was one of the white nights of the soul, and it brought moments that as austere subdued the heart as rapturously they exalted it.

And to the worshipers this jubilation of the candles carried a significance so heart searching that one who was among them only as reverent onlooker can but faintly estimate it.

For this is the significance and this the message of every one of those flaming tapers which the kneeling men lifted to the altar of their Christ:

"The light of faith and the fire of the Love of God."



A partial glimpse of the hundreds of thousands who swarmed on the green lawns of St. Mary's Seminary, Thursday, June 24th.

Such was the oblation of their acres of flowers of flame!

HOLY NAME PLEDGE RENEWED

The congregation was solely of men.

The leaders of the throngs of men of all ranks and places in the social scheme who poured into the stadium during the hour before sunset were the men of the

Holy Name society, to whose work for clean living, clean speaking, clean thinking, and clean environment of body and spirit President Coolidge not many months ago gave earnest praise at the foot of the white shaft which commemorates the clean souled Washington.

The words of the pledge of clean living and loyalty to nation and church were in themselves a prayer—and fine, hearty,

forthright prayer it was that fell from thousands of earnest-speaking lips.

Thus in plain, practical speech did this army of grandsires and fathers and youths draw near to the altar ("Introibo ad altare Dei: ad Deum qui laetificat juventem meam") and reconsecrate themselves to God and country with the trustfulness of little children who set a candle in a drear chamber and are comforted.

From The Chicago Tribune of Friday, June 25, 1926

TO pray together, in whatever tongue or ritual, is the most tender brotherhood of hope and sympathy that man can contract in this life.

MME. DE STAEL

("Corinne," Book X, Chapter V.; 1807.)

Mighty Army of Peace Prays at Mundelein

By

James O'Donnell Bennett

MUNDELEIN, ILL., June 24.—[Special.]—The most colossal prayer meeting and song service in the authentic annals of Christendom has brought to a close the 28th International Eucharistic congress of the Catholic church.

The world's records for throngs of that character have been broken.

While even an approximation of accuracy is wanting, it is indicated that from 400,000 to 500,000 men, women and children have this day knelt in prayer and lifted their voices in praise while the magnificent pageantry of their mother church was unfolded before them by priests, pastors and prelates whose parishes and episcopal sees make a roll call of villages in remote mountains and sequestered valleys and of ecclesiastical, political and commercial capitals which command the key areas of this wide world.



A VAST ARMY OF PEACE

Accepting the most conservative estimate of attendance made by officials and soldiers practiced in the handling of multitudes upon occasions of ceremonial, we have beheld today the march past of an army of peace equivalent to 15 to 20 divisions of the armies of the republic when those armies were on a war footing.

The world's record of three and thirty years ago—the record of Chicago day at the World's Fair—still stands unequalled, but that earlier throng was in the city and this congregation has been assembled among wooded hills—40 miles out.

To speak in the stately and resonant terms of Catholicism, it has been a "solemn pontifical high mass," followed by a glittering processional that wound its way through the consecrated glades and beside

the still waters of this spacious seat of Catholic learning in the Skokie valley to the north of Chicago.

That mass and that processional were crowned by the gentle service most dear to Catholic hearts, the "solemn benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament."

KNEEL IN POOLS OF WATER

During part of the three mile processional in which the Sacrament was borne by Cardinal Legate Bonzano in a kind of Roman car or chariot between ranks upon ranks of men, women and children, the rain and hail of a receding tempest continued to fall, and the lawns, groves and avenues of Mundelein were streaming with water.

But at sight of the ostensorium containing the consecrated particles which are to Catholics the very body of their "Eucharistic Lord and King" the multitude sank upon its knees and the murmur of prayers mingled with the voices of the wind and the rain.

The cardinals and archbishops were as steadfast in their homage as were their people. No venerable man faltered or turned back, and when pages and officers stationed on the bridges and in the glades hurried toward the prelates with umbrellas they were gently motioned back.

BONZANO IS CELEBRANT

The celebrant of the mass was Cardinal Bonzano, Italian prince of the church, who, attended by a long train of nobles and ecclesiastics of the papal kingdom, swept into



Looking down upon the terraced approach to the chapel at St. Mary's, Mundelein, on Thursday, June 24th.

the valley which his church 250 years ago was the first to pioneer. The preacher of the sermon of the mass was Cardinal Patrick Hayes, archbishop of New York.

Cardinal princes from four kingdoms and four republics of the world followed with their devotions the celebration by Legate Bonzano of the church's supreme rite and followed with deep attention Cardinal Hayes' impassioned and uncompromising assertion of the sanctities and the benefactions of the Eucharistic Sacrament.

Thus were the cardinal coming "a latere" of the papal throne—from "our side," as the reigning pontiff, Pius XI., phrased it—and the cardinal coming from the metropolis of the new world the most conspicuous figures in the service.

The priest, the deacons of honor, the deacon, the subdeacon and the masters of ceremonies assisting the Italian celebrant of the mass were all American clerics, six of them from Chicago, one from New York City and one from the little town of Belleville, Ill.*

A DAY OF TREMENDOUS DRAMA

It has been a day of tremendous drama as well as of high dignity and far flung splendor. During the earlier hours of the service the weather was clear and warm, but now, as I square away to write, the rain rushes in torrents upon the tables set for us in the open air. In a few seconds the canvas roof above my head is sagging with water and the sprawling sheets of the day's notes are afloat.

Now hailstones are hammering upon canvas and upon the tables, and beating into the ground the daisies that looked so shyly up at us when dawn was breaking.

Cardinals, archbishops, bishops, abbots, monsignori, pastors, and cloaked knights of the ancient orders of the papal kingdom are huddling together, their glowing habiliments drawn around their knees and their countenances streaming with rain.

The great bell of the seminary church continues to boom amid the roll and crash of thunder.

Lightning is lashing the sky and the

trees are bending before the wind sweeping down from the western side of the valley.

SONG RISES IN DOWNPOUR

But now comes the steady sound that banishes incipient panic. The vigorous, friendly, fatherly voices of scores of priests shout to the people in the most matter of fact way, "Now let us sing 'Holy God, We Praise Thy Name.'"

And the people lift up their voices sturdily, trustfully.

The black robed sisters thronging the porticoes and balconies of these long terraces and courts of buildings sing; the little children sing; the fathers and the mothers and the grandparents of the children, and the excitable Latins from southern Europe and from Central and South America, and the equable Indians and the imperturbable Chinese and the shrilly laughing Americans sing. Truly there is no beating down the spirit of this day.

Under the hot noon sun which overcame scores of women and made the ecclesiastical magnificoes sweat, that spirit remained gentle and blithe, and now under this downpour and this pelting it so continues.

This is Christian charity and urbanity functioning full tilt.

It rides the storm, and the storm, grumbling, muttering, fretting, slowly withdraws itself into the east.

Again the sun smiles cordially.

AN IDYL IN AN EPIC DAY

Louder, clearer, happier, full bodied and fine rise the strains of "Holy God, We Praise Thy Name," and the chimes in the tower of the seminary church join their silvery voice with the golden diapason of the great bell.

A "weather story," as in newspaper offices they call these sudden inrushes of tempest and sunshine, has become a bit of an idyl in an epic day.

A *Te Deum* in Latin follows the English song of prayer and praise, and in it the voices of these thousands are backed by the lordly music of massed bands.

Now the processional ends under skies that are smiling again, even as when this congress began five days ago.

The people are speaking laughingly and fondly of "our cardinal's luck." They mean the benign weather that has attended every hour, save a short half hour this afternoon, of every day of the most spiritualized, the most populous, and the most pictorial festival of the church ever projected and carried through by a churchman of the western world.

MUNDELEIN, BREAKER OF RECORDS

Mundelein the breaker of records, too, as well as Mundelein the lucky.

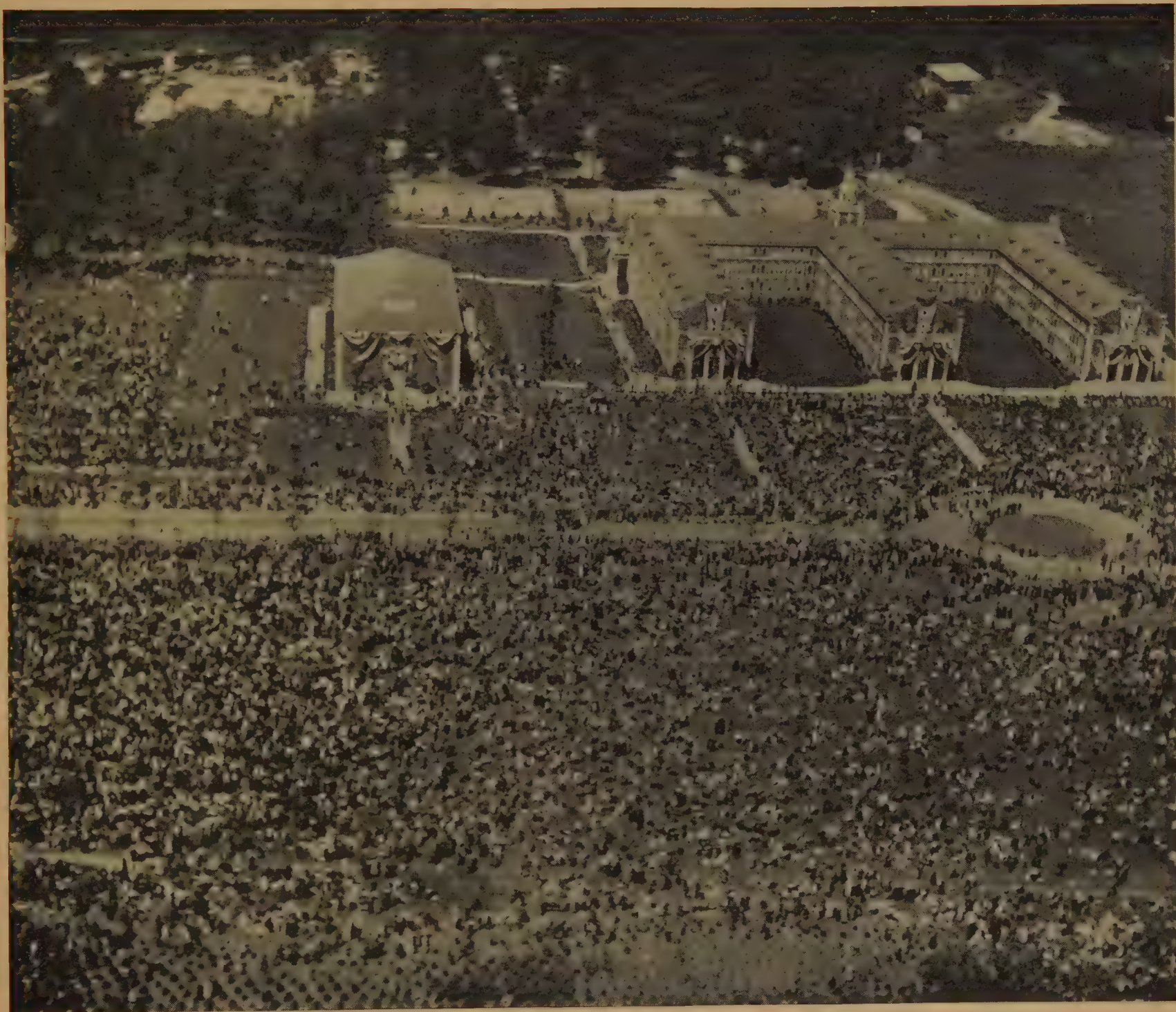
For the mighty congress of prayer which he and his colleagues have so suavely and sanely carried through anxious days has become the pacemaker in prayer, the record breaker in devotional exercises, as well as the shatterer of previous records of the concourses of humankind.

Climax comes at 4 o'clock with the interchange between Cardinal Bonzano and the multitude of "The Divine Praises," which bring to a close the office of benediction. Up from terraces and groves, down from balconies hung with the white and gold of the papal kingdom and with the pontiff's coat of arms, and across the fields of daisies and the formal gardens of the seminary roll the words of the joyful devotions of priest and people—those eleven phrases starting with "Blessed be God, blessed be His Holy Name" and ending with "Blessed be God in His Angels and in His Saints."

THE SOUND OF LEGION PRAYERS

I think I can in a way not very subtle but true enough make known to you what the voices of perhaps half a million people sound like when they make their devotions in unison.

*Those assisting ecclesiastics were: the Rt. Rev. Msgr. F. A. Purcell, rector of Quigley Preparatory Seminary, Chicago; the Rt. Rev. Msgr. Peter Quealy, New York City; the Rt. Rev. Joseph Schlauerman, Belleville, Ill.; the Very Rev. Msgr. William O'Brien, Chicago; the Very Rev. Daniel Byrnes, director of organization of the Holy Name Society, Chicago; the Very Rev. Msgr. Dennis J. Dunne, Chicago; the Rev. Joseph Morrison, Chicago, and the Rev. Francis Ryan, assistant chancellor of the Archdiocese of Chicago.



St. Mary's of the Lake Seminary. Thursday, June 24th

They sound like numberless sturdy little mallets pounding home a conviction of heart and soul.

Heart and soul have been in this festival so exultant that they swept from sunshine to tempest and back to sunshine.

Beneath God's trees that girdle the Lake of Mary and shelter her shrines was the fatherhood of God.

And among His children thronging there was their brotherhood.

That—in a very wide and creedless and worshipful sense—has, it seems to me, as onlooker and reporter, been the note of spirituality which has spoken to the Catholics and to their non-Catholic guests to-day. On the face of the waters which they have consecrated to learning and to piety rose their ancient hymns; before their altar were performed rites that are consecrated by the veneration of 19 centuries.

To matters so intimate and solemn we could listen and upon them we could look, and, whether we looked with Catholic eyes or not, or listened with Catholic ears or not, I think the hearts of us all were touched to finer issues and we went not heedless away.

Remembrance will abide and we shall treasure the fragrant thoughts which ritual and song and prayer and lofty ceremonial have engendered.

HUMILITY AND POMP

The simplest and most reticent record of the occasion still cannot wholly fail to convey some picture of its strangely contrasted and subtly blending humility and pomp.

The princes have been here, but with them, too, has been the toiling man who laid down his tools to make pilgrimage, and the women, old and poor, who slept last night on the concrete walks around the white pillar that bears 80 feet aloft the bronze statue of Mary, whose praying hands are outstretched to the waters and the fields of our prairie Eden.

Men of affairs banished business and made pilgrimage. Celebrated administrators, statesmen, preachers, and theologians

of the church made pilgrimage from the seat and throne of the church's empurpled power.

They came from Roma Immortalis.

The chancellor of a republic new born from the ashes of an empire was here.* Magnates who once sat in the councils of an emperor and who remain his friends in his exile were here.**

The living, lineal ecclesiastical successor of St. Patrick, who crowned the kings of Dublin and of Munster fifteen centuries ago, was here, and at his side the prelate who crowned with the ancient crown of St. Stephen the last successor of Maria Theresa.

VAUNT NOT YOURSELVES

But, said Cardinal Mundelein to them all, "vaunt not yourselves of your power nor dwell upon our church's power."

That, he said in private speech and public utterance, was not the reason for the congress nor must it be its effect.

"Surely," he continued, "surely the richest offering, the most acceptable gift, will be not the evidences of such material prosperity as may have been bestowed upon our churches and our schools. The richest offering will be the offering by the great and the lowly, by the old man and the little children, of the mighty oblation of contrite and loving hearts opened to receive the bread that cometh down from heaven.

"Let ours be the gift of a world-wide general communion rising like a vast cloud of incense to the throne of God as a united prayer."

MIGHTY VALLEY RESPONDS

Not alone did the capital of the Mississippi valley bring the offering which the archbishop of Chicago besought.

The whole valley, whose earliest annals are so closely interwoven with Catholic tradition, poured thousands into this new seat of Catholic learning. They came from remote cities that sit enthroned by the Father of Waters. They came from the headwaters of the river—Indians in doeskin and feathers and French curates in rusty cassocks and German laity in their

Sunday best. They came from New Orleans, at the river's delta—more French-speaking clerics and laity, and Spanish, too, and Italian.

A multitude of the ministering and the teaching sisters of the church came, to whom the weary badgered policemen and the non-Catholic guests and the excited little boys were mindful to give salute or to uncover the head, for who could remain covered before those unsullied battalions in the austere habiliments of service?

The clover blossoms made sweet the paths good women trod.‡

ALTAR RULES OVER SCENE

The high altar! It was outside the church, and it looked toward the Lake of Mary and the rising sun.

It was backgrounded with copious draperies of cardinal red silk, which hung from the Ionic capitals of the church two stories aloft.

It was canopied with white silk heavily fringed with gold and emblazoned with the papal arms. Below that canopy, on the silken background of cardinal red, gleamed in gold the words "Ecce Agnus Dei" (Behold the Lamb of God)—the church's supreme Eucharistic admonition to the faithful.

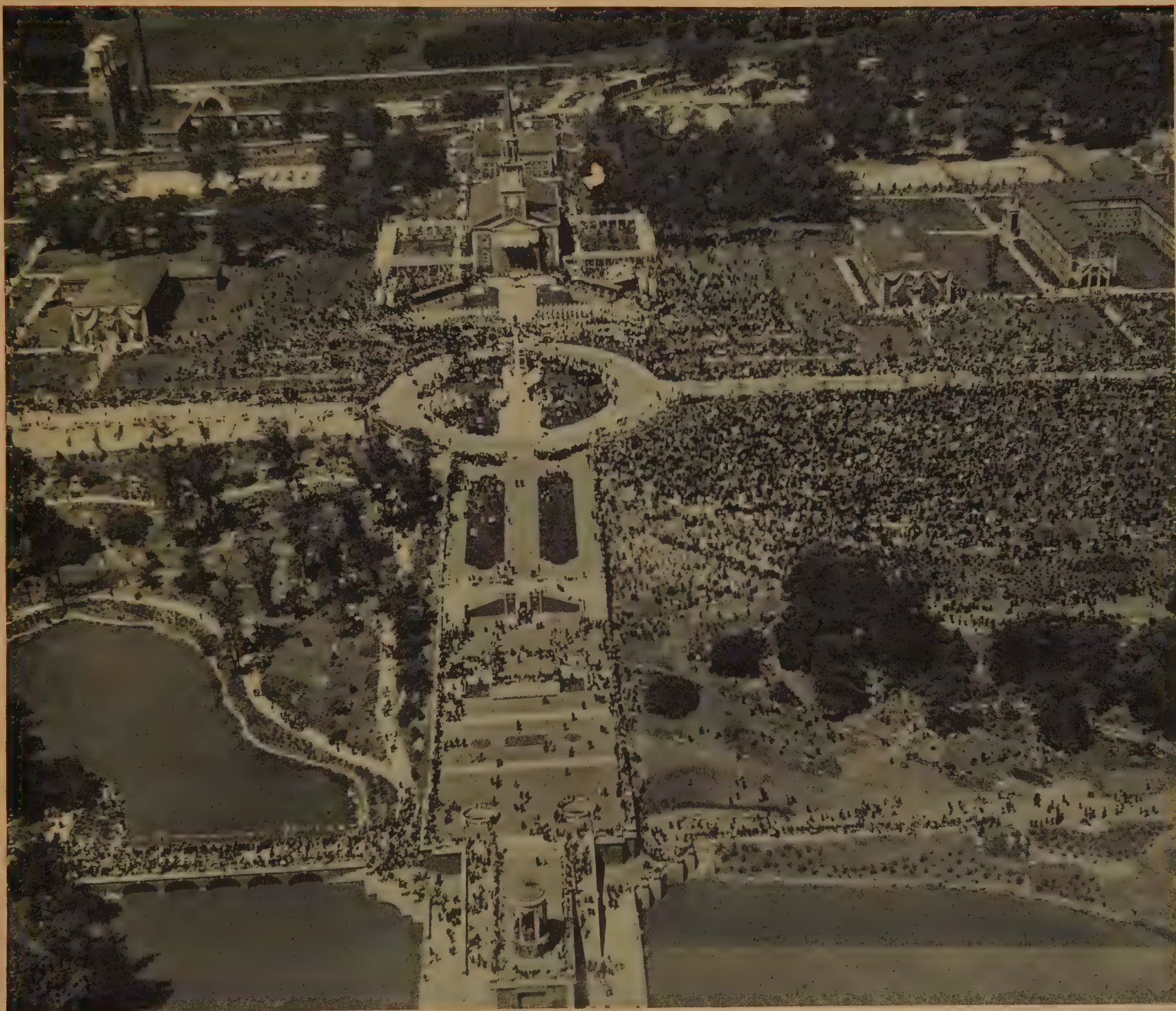
*Msgr. Ignacius Seipel, recently Chancellor of Austria.

**Count Haenkel von Donnersmark-Beuthen and Count von Ballestrem.

‡To the kind letter of Mr. Richard Henry Russell of Oshkosh, Wis., I am indebted for the following vivid bits of detail:

"I observed two noteworthy things which of course you did not have an opportunity to witness. First: During the entire day of weary standing, tramping and waiting, during the excitement and discomforts of the storm, during the awful crush, jam and anxiety, and often painful scenes incident upon the return trip of the 'pilgrims'—I did not hear a single bitter word of complaint or criticism, or 'cuss word'. The spirit of the people was wonderful and they remembered where they were.

"Second: There were many hundreds, perhaps thousands, of Sisters scattered through the throngs, pressing towards the entrance and electric stations. In dozens of cases when the throngs became dense and the pressure great, I saw men and often-times stout, broad backed women, gather about the Sisters, bowing their backs to protect them from the crushing crowds, and however dense the jam of people, a word of appeal to 'let the Sisters, our first aid, pass',—would always open up a lane right to the gate or to a place of safety or rest. It showed to me that the spirit of chivalry is not yet dead."



At Solemn Pontifical High Mass which closed the Congress. St. Mary's Seminary, Mundelein, Illinois, Thursday, June 24th.

The altar was banked with yellow roses and flanked with white lilies and green ferns.

It bore golden candlesticks as large as a large man and before them stood silver candlesticks.

To the right and the left of the altar, swaying from Venetian masts, were American and papal flags.

Those banners uttered the high note which commanded the semicircle of eleven cardinal thrones, which, like the altar, looked toward the lake.

Nearer to the altar and on its left side stood in solitary grandeur—like a motionless flame—the legate's throne.

On the steps of all the thrones stood the papal Knights of St. Gregory the Great in green and Knights of the Holy Sepulchre in white.

The brilliant uniforms of these noblemen were, when the eye reached the legate's throne, given an arresting emphasis by the presence among them of the black silk and the white neck ruffs of papal chamberlains who have attended the legate in his journey across sea and land from the Vatican to the valley of the Skokie.

The color of the mass being white, as it always is for all days of a Eucharistic congress, the celebrant and his assistants were so garbed, the white of their vestments being, however, in some instances, heavily embroidered in gold.

WONDERFUL COLOR EFFECTS

This whole scheme of color and adornment, from the cardinal curtain billowing behind the altar to the gonfalons floating high above and before it, you must supplement with hundreds upon hundreds of yards of green laurel garlands, with hundreds of tiny bannerets fluttering from cords reaching from tree to tree and from lamp post to lamp post.

And that scheme of color and adornment you must carry along the balustrades, the walls, and the pylons of the ponderous stairways and broad terraces which extend from the doors of the church to the edge of the waters shimmering 600 feet away and sixty feet below.

A TOUCH OF NEW ENGLAND

In this setting is an incomparable touch of New England. Nay, not a touch, either, for it really is the big, bold note in the architecture of Mundelein.

That note is the church itself.

It is American colonial. It is more or less a replica—as to its exterior—of a celebrated Protestant church in Connecticut!

Many a Catholic theologian has rather dryly called it "Mundelein's meeting house."

But it is native, it is *AMERICAN*—and that is what the cardinal archbishop who built it wanted it to be.

Thus today its simple beauty sat with a certain wistfulness amid a medieval richness of vestments and of ceremonial.

THE PROCESSION

Next to the sisters, this church seemed to me the sweetest, quietest note of the occasion. From its threshold pageantry marched amid clouds of incense and amid the music of ancient strains to the completion of this world marshaled pilgrimage.

The legate walked beneath a golden baldachino surmounted at each corner by a gold cross in this pageant which wound through the leafy aisles and down the green slopes and across the bridges and up the terraces of the seminary's 1,300 acres.

The pageant moved with bands and banners.

Vested priests in dalmatics of white and green and rose color and gold marched by twos—300 of them. The religious orders in their habits of white and gray and brown and black followed.

Then—four abreast—hundreds of priests in black cassocks and white surplices; hundreds more in the customary suits of black in which we non-Catholics most often see them.

After them bishops in their white copes and miters and carrying their croziers, symbol of their jurisdiction and carried this day as a special privilege, since the most of them are, of course, not within their jurisdictions.

Now miscellaneous groups of priests swinging censors.

Then the cardinal legate and his attendants, and the other cardinals, the trains of their flame-hued robes borne by knights and pages.

See how the wind tugs at the billowing trains. Will it tug the venerable men, trains and jewels and all, down these precipitous terraces?

No. They bend to it and march sturdily on.

More bishops in purple robes, and a group of Spanish ecclesiastics carrying yellow banners.

A MARCH OF NATIONS

The processional now becomes, as all this week they invariably have become, a march past of nations and peoples—Germans, Frenchmen, Lithuanians, Slovaks, Slovenians, Syrians, Croatians, Belgians, Poles, Hungarians, Italians, Maltese, Chinese, Ukrainians, American Indians.

"Tis the world at thy feet, O Ancient of Days!

They prayed and sang as they marched.

In the Latin mostly—the church's Esperanto—they sang; but when they prayed it was more often each group of nationals in its own tongue.

Sometimes a bit of ballad tells a story better than labored pages of description possibly can, and there come back to me now some simple verses called "The Lord's Prayer" and they tell the essential story of this day for me:

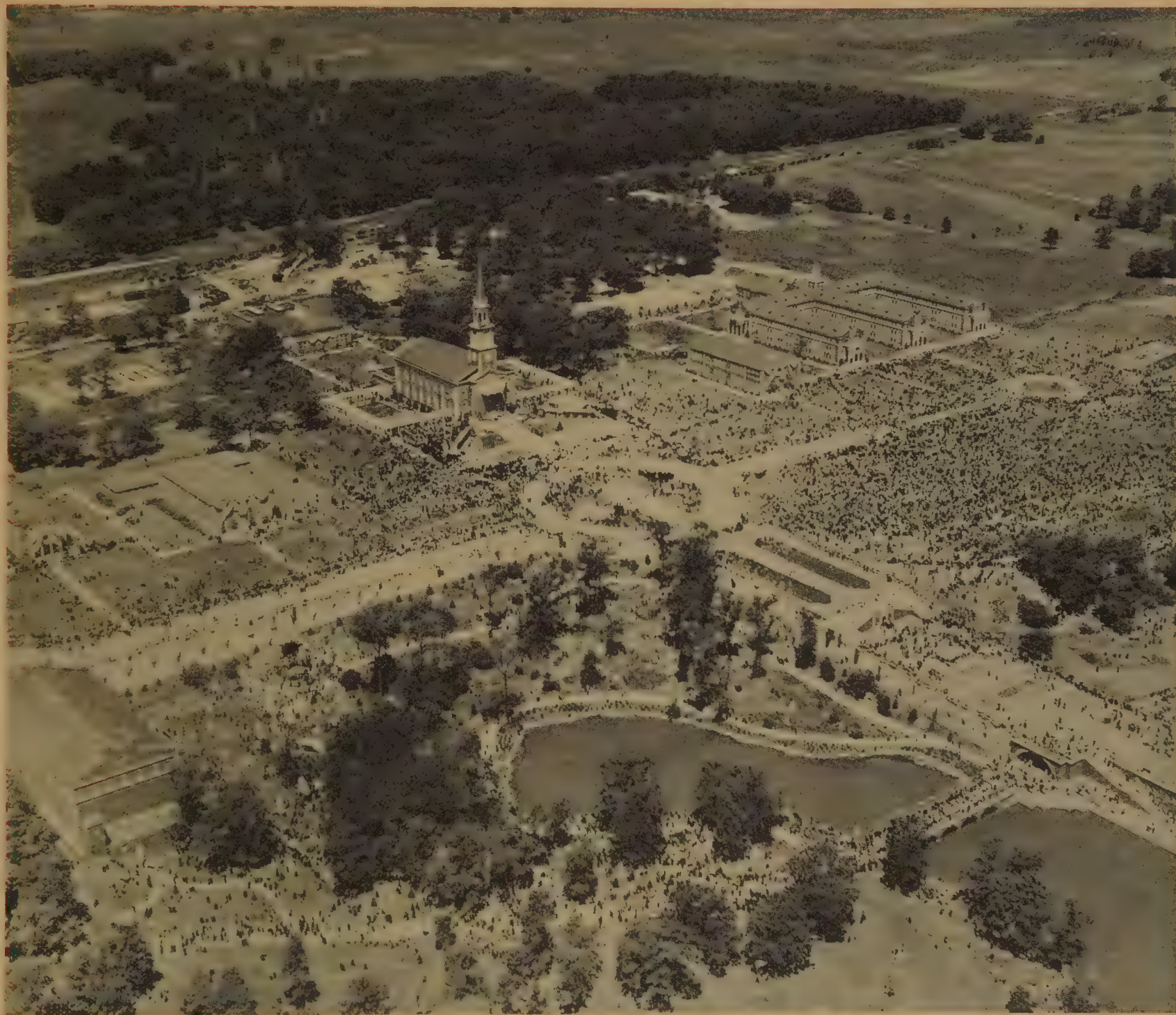
They were ordinary soldiers, just the common Jean and Hans.

One from the valley of the Rhine and one from fair Provence.

They were simple hearted fellows—every night each said his prayer;

*The one prayed Vater Unser and the other Notre Pere.**

*"The Lord's Prayer," by Chancellor the Rev. Charles Alexander Richmond. . . . The verses received quaint and pleasing confirmation in a cheery letter I received from Mr. George B. Wheeler, a journalist, of Kokomo, Ind. He wrote: "An Irishman with a wooden leg, a German with one arm, and the writer left Kokomo for Chicago Wednesday night by automobile. Together we attended the service at St. Mary of the Lake on Thursday."



Another airplane view of St. Mary's Seminary on the last day of the Congress.

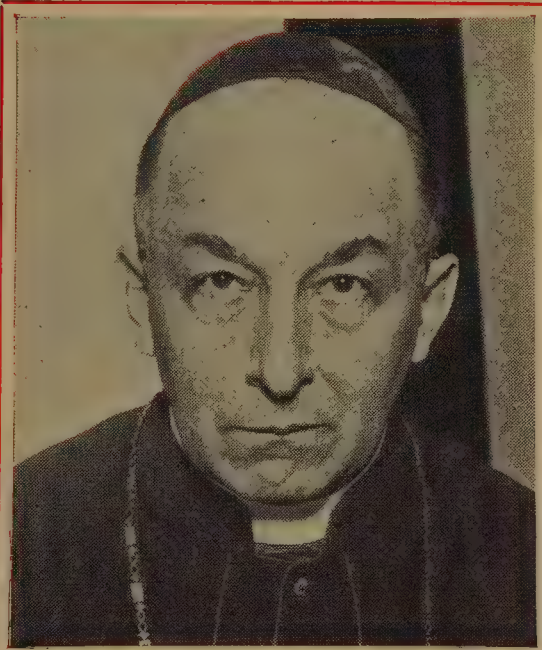
A CONSECRATED MEDLEY

Such are some aspects of these hours of what one may, somewhat palely but veritably enough, epitomize as a consecrated medley.

I mean colossal statues of saints at whose feet children romped; I mean generals and colonels pacing the terraces arm in arm with theologians; I mean the bivouacs of troops and the grottoes of the stations of the cross; I mean the modernities of pilgrimage — caterers' trucks, florists' vans, telegraph stations operating for one night only, trains of ambulances, police posts, motorcycle squads—all rumbling and rushing and clicking amid and athwart a picture whose background is rich with the shadows of a remote antiquity.

It has been wonderful!

It has been engaging in a hundred ways—full of little humoresques that not only enlivened the fancy but measured off the march of the ages for you, as when, in



GEORGE CARDINAL MUNDELEIN
Sponsor of the
Twenty-Eighth Eucharistic Congress

the midst of the rolling harmonies of the mass your ear caught the strident chirping of 50 telegraph instruments—chirping like crickets that had come out untimely to view the noon day.

It cost one company alone \$60,000 to lead for this day only its wires into the seminary grounds and right up to within whispering distance of the legate's throne.

The Catholic Ideal of a University, as it is being worked out at Mundelein

SUCH . . . is a University . . . *It is a place where inquiry is pushed forward, and discoveries verified and perfected, and rashness rendered innocuous, and error exposed, by the collision of mind with mind, and knowledge with knowledge. It is a place where the professor becomes eloquent, and is a missionary and a preacher, displaying his science in its most complete and most winning form, pouring it forth with the zeal of enthusiasm, and lighting up his own love of it in the breasts of his hearers. It is the place where the catechist makes good his ground as he goes, treading in the truth day by day into the ready memory, and wedging and tightening it into the expanding reason. It is a place which wins the admiration of the young by its celebrity, kindles the affections of the middle-aged by its beauty, and rivets the fidelity of the old by its associations. It is a seat of wisdom, a light of the world, a minister of the faith, an Alma Mater of the rising generation.*

("Office and Work of Universities"; 1856)

CARDINAL NEWMAN

One more of these fleeting sights and sounds is worth record because it gives you in the flash of a bird's wing the immensity of the outdoor sanctuary which the record breaking prayer meeting filled.

Thus:

The friendly, inquisitive birds swept in long flights across the sanctuary; they hovered above it; they returned to it; then darted away, yet again returning—so to fancy, it seemed—with friends whom they wished to see this tableau of prayer.

Long gone St. Francis of Assisi, whose sons, the Franciscans, marched in the processional, would have loved that, because he so loved the birds and so beautifully wrote of them.*

To him their coming to church this day would have been no vagrant fancy of a tired reporter. He would have said that they, too, had come to worship and adore.

Who knows? Who knows?

*When he heard the birds singing he was wont to say, "Our Sisters, the birds, are pleasing God."



JOHN CARDINAL BONZANO
Papal Legate to the
Twenty-Eighth Eucharistic Congress



Airplane view showing automobiles in one of the five great parking areas just outside the Seminary gates at Mundelein Thursday, June 24th.

What Tribune Readers Have Said of James O'Donnell Bennett's Stories of the Eucharistic Congress

HARRY A. WHEELER, president of the Union Trust Company, Chicago, says of James O'Donnell Bennett's stories of the Eucharistic Congress—"So outstanding has been your service in connection with the Eucharistic Congress that I cannot refrain from expressing my very great appreciation of the splendid manner in which you have handled that work. . . . your handling of the matter in the columns of The Tribune has added greatly to the inspiration of the event itself."

∞∞

PHILIP A. GRAU of the Philip A. Grau Service, Milwaukee, in a letter to James O'Donnell Bennett—"The stories you wrote this week in The Tribune describing the Eucharistic Congress were so exceptional in their beauty of expression and comprehensiveness of description that I would like very much to keep them in other than clipping form if they are available."

CECELIA MARY YOUNG, director, Catholic Drama Assemblies—"Mr. Bennett has written with inspired pen the story of the Eucharistic Congress."

∞∞

LUCILE BRIAN GILMORE of Editor and Publisher writes to James O'Donnell Bennett—"Thanks for these very excellent Eucharistic Congress stories; they are really wonderfully good."

∞∞

"It gives me great pleasure to forward to you a word of appreciation of the masterly manner in which you have written up the Eucharistic Congress."

KATHERINE CARROLL, Springfield, Ill.

∞∞

"At the close of the International Eucharistic Congress I cannot resist the temptation to tell you how much I have enjoyed your work so vividly depicting its many great events."

JOSEPH F. KELLY, Chicago.

REV. B. F. KUHLMAN, Chaplain, Soldiers' Home, Dayton, Ohio—"You surely caught the spirit of the procession, and did what most cannot do—put in glowing, vivid language that memorable scene."

∞∞

REV. T. J. O'SULLIVAN, Saint John's Rectory, El Dorado, Kansas—"Just a word to tell you how much I appreciated your pictures of the Eucharistic Congress in the Chicago Tribune. You touched it with the pen of the newspaper artist, so reverently, so sympathetically and comprehensively."

∞∞

SAM P. GERSON of the McCutcheon-Gerson Advertising Service writes Mr. Bennett—"The pictures you painted were so wonderful that, although I did not attend a single session, I could not only visualize the assemblies but the definite meaning of each one."

Previous Eucharistic Congresses

Lille, France.....1881
Avignon, France.....1882
Liege, Belgium.....1883
Fribourg, Switzerland.....1885
Toulouse, France.....1886
Paris, France.....1887
Antwerp, Belgium.....1890
Jerusalem, Palestine.....1893
Rheims, France.....1894
Paray-le-Monial, France.....1897
Brussels, Belgium.....1898

Lourdes, France.....1899
Angers, France.....1901
Namur, Belgium.....1902
Angouleme, France.....1904
Rome, Italy.....1905
Tournai, Belgium.....1906
Metz, Germany.....1907
London, England.....1908
Cologne, Germany.....1909
Montreal, Canada.....1910
Madrid, Spain.....1911

Vienna, Austria.....1912
Malta, in the Mediterranean.....1913
Lourdes, France.....1914

(Suspension of Congresses owing to
World War.)

Rome, Italy.....1922
Amsterdam, Holland.....1924
Chicago, United States.....1926

The International Eucharistic Congress proclaimed for 1928 will be held in Sydney, Australia.



Prelates of the Catholic church accompanied by attendants and police escort making their way into the stadium at Soldiers' Field.



Policemen form a human chain to restrain thousands of women determined to push their way into the stadium at one of the services at Soldiers' Field.

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